HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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TEN CENTS A COPY,
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THE LA SALLE STREET TUNNEL UNDER THE CHICAGO RIVER.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 411.]

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for the week is pleasant as ever to the youthful eye, and we hardly think its charm is diminished even when viewed through spectacles. The illustrations, always good, are added to by the refined art of MR. WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON'S sketches."—*The State, Richmond, Virginia.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The contents of the current number include two serials, namely, "A Boy's Town," by W. D. HOWELLS, *and "Prince Tommy," by* JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL; *a short story entitled "The Story of Maggie Decker"; "May-Apples and Mock May-Apples," by* W. HAMILTON GIBSON, *with four illustrations by the author; a full-page picture of the Parade of the Berkeley School Cadets at the Berkeley Oval; short poems by* FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN *and* GEORGE COOPER; *and other matter.*

The illustrations are from drawings by W. A. ROGERS, T. DE THULSTRUP, H. F. FARNY, CULMER BARNES, *and* C. DANA GIBSON.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

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No. 1744.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH COVER, AND

SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE ON THE CITY OF MINNEAPOLIS.

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THE TARIFF AND THE PEOPLE.

THE "general public," or the great multitude of readers, do not follow or understand the details of a tariff debate in Congress or in the newspapers. They cannot grasp or carry the myriad facts and rates and percentages with which experts nimbly deal, and the decision of the country is finally made upon certain broad principles which are simple and comprehensible. This fact has been hitherto an advantage to the high protectionists. They appeal to tradition by alleging that customs duties were first imposed under the Constitution partly for protection. The assertions that protective duties save American labor from competition with the pauper wages of Europe, and that the system of manufactures which they produced opens a domestic market, are all simple, intelligible, and plausible, and undoubtedly have exercised great influence. They have not been effectively countered by the argument of detail, and have been ingeniously blended with the appeal of paternalism, or the assertion that protection or the public support of certain industries is patriotic because it prevents our dependence upon other countries. This was a favorite argument seventy years ago.

But these arguments have been met in more recent times by a clearer exposition of their fallacy, and "the campaign of education" is a term descriptive of this process. That a tariff is really a tax; that a tax should be equitably laid for the common welfare, and not for special or class benefit; that class privilege by law necessarily breeds public corruption; and that pauper wages and the home market are delusive cries, and, as they are used, do not fairly represent facts—are the general considerations which influence public opinion more and more. If the people of the country, who are the consumers, ought, for patriotic reasons, to be willing to pay a bounty in the form of a duty to support certain industries—in other words, if a surplus be a proof of patriotic devotion—why seek to reduce it? Why not use it as a bounty for other purposes? If, however, it be thought desirable to reduce it, why not reduce it in a way which will benefit every consumer by diminishing instead of enhancing the cost of food and clothing? The reason is simple. Because all tariff reduction must be adjusted not to the common benefit, but to the advantage of certain industrial interests.

Here is at once an injustice and a suggestion of corruption which everybody can understand. A tariff tends to become a bid of the party in power for the support of certain moneyed interests under the plea of protecting domestic industry. This is the situation which GOLDWIN SMITH describes in a recent article upon Canada: "Protectionism is in itself corruption. What interests are native and to be 'protected' is decided by the lobby"—that is, by the paid agents of such interests. "The party leader before an election calls together the manufacturers, takes their subscriptions to the election fund, and pledges to them the commercial policy of the country." Do we know anything of this procedure in the United States? Has it any connection with "frying out the fat"? Is the fact that an election involving a tariff is the most corrupt of elections proof that a tariff is a great measure of patriotism? Are these subscriptions paid by the laborer who is to be "protected"? Are they paid by those who do pay them for the benefit of the American laborer, or for their own profit? Is the "protected" laborer protected from the competition of the pauper laborer who comes in person? Is the material prosperity of the country in which we all rejoice due mainly to the protective tariff or to the conditions and resources of the country, and to the greater intelligence, quickness, skill, and ingenuity of the American laborer? These are questions which are now universally asked by those whom a high tariff is said to protect. In New England and the West the farmers, who are consumers of the necessaries of life taxed by the tariff, and taxed more highly by the proposed tariff, who must sell in a market where buying, but not selling, prices are heightened by the tariff, are forming clubs of inquiry and instruction, in which all such questions are fully debated, and upon the broad and comprehensible principles elicited by such discussion their votes will be determined. The sincerest protectionist will not deny that the question was never better understood in its general principles than now, and that it is not the protection sentiment which is gaining strength.

POLITICAL PROGRESS.

ALTHOUGH the course of the late Legislature in New York was in many ways both discreditable and comical, it did far more for real reform than had been accomplished for a long time before. We say comical, for nothing could be more droll than the spectacle of a Republican committee of the Senate engaged in exposing most effectively the iniquities of Tammany in the city, while at the same time the Republican leader of the Assembly was zealously doing the work of Tammany in the Legislature. Nothing could show more plainly the condition into which parties have fallen. But the great gain secured by the Legislature lies in the adoption of the ballot reform bill, the corrupt practices bill, and the rural registry bill, which are all constituent parts of an honest political system. If we add to these the recommendation of the Governor to require of political committees a detailed accounting for the money they spend, and to refer disputed legislative election cases to the courts, the prospect of honester politics cannot be denied to be exceedingly encouraging.

The advantages gained by the passage of the reformed ballot law are very substantial. It does much to break up the power of the caucus and convention by removing the serious difficulties which have prevented effective independent action. The bill in great part emancipates honest voters from the tyranny of the machine, and is one of the most fatal blows yet dealt at the power of the boss. The paster, indeed, may be prepared and given to the voter, but there can be no guarantee that he will vote as ordered, and no proof that he has done so. The excuses for "striking" candidates are largely if not completely removed, while the ease with which independent tickets can be brought into the field is such as to make a union of honest voters against unfit candidates always practicable. The legal provisions in New York for canvassing the vote are already admirable, and this provision for securing honest voting is an addition of the highest value. The corrupt practices act is another check upon fraud and bribery by requiring candidates to account for the money which they have spent at an election. But the late city election at Albany showed how the law might be evaded by a statement of the candidate that he gave a certain sum of money to a committee for "legitimate expenses." The Governor recommended an additional provision requiring a detailed accounting from the committee. But the provision was retarded until it failed.

The extension of the registry to the rural districts is another measure to promote honest elections. As there is nothing so important in a republic as an honest vote, it is a cardinal duty to make every reasonable provision to secure it. Whatever cheapens the ballot weakens its value, and every simple safeguard will be favored by every honest voter. The man who will not take his share of trouble in securing the integrity of the ballot does not deserve to be allowed to vote. Another year should continue the good work of this by securing the extension of the corrupt practices act to committees and all disbursing agents, and the excellent recommendation of the Governor that election contests should be settled by the courts should be adopted. The Governor says that it will be, and the passage of both these measures would give us an election system which every State in the Union might well adopt for itself.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN THE CITY.

THE late action of Columbia College goes far to constitute it a university in EZRA CORNELL'S sense of an institution in which any pupil can pursue effectively any study. When the late Dr. BARNARD was elected President of Columbia, the college had undoubtedly lost its former hold upon the community. No colonial college contributed abler or more distinguished men to the public service in the Revolution than Columbia. But in the years following the Revolution, as the especial local representative of learning and letters, the college did not keep pace with the advancing material interests of the city. President BARNARD, however, was a scholar of comprehensive views, and his annual addresses, in their grasp of the true function of a great school of learning and of the proper policy of the college, were always among the most valuable educational papers of the year. His successor, President LOW, was known to be in full sympathy with the modern university spirit in its broad and inclusive, not technical or partial, sense, and it was expected that some policy would be developed under his administration which contemplated a university.

The fundamental principle of a university, as AGASSIZ always strenuously and effectively insisted, is that the teachers are the school. Money and financial care may furnish buildings and opportunity and apparatus. But they must not interfere with the essential work of the school. Of themselves alone they can do nothing. The richest man in Massachusetts merely because of his wealth could not have founded a university. But there would have been a university wherever AGASSIZ taught. This was the conviction of President BARNARD, as of the other scholars, his contemporaries, and it is this conviction which has led to the recent reorganization of Columbia College. Several independent faculties are instituted for great departments of study, all working under a university council composed of representatives of the faculties and of some members named by the President. The university confers the higher degrees, and exercises general supervision over all the work and its extension. The scheme is simply a natural development of the existing order, and an earnest of the vigilance and sagacity of the spirit which now controls the college.

On the same evening that the action was taken by Columbia, the University of the city, in view of the enrolment of women graduates of many colleges upon its list for post-graduate courses, appointed an advisory committee of women, and also decided to admit women to the law school of the University on the same footing with other students. This action is taken in response to applications from various quarters, and upon careful deliberation. Such study does not necessarily imply a purpose of entering upon the practice of the law. But as the laws respecting the property of women are constantly modified, and the equal standing of women in all the relations of society are acknowledged, the necessity of such familiarity with the law as educated men enjoy becomes most desirable. The action of the University council in regard to the law school, as in the admission of women to the post-graduate courses and to the reception of degrees, is a happy illustration of the advance of civilization. The two incidents which we mention are among the most important and interesting in the recent annals of the higher education in New York.

THE ARRIVAL OF TARTARIN.

THE appearance of a novel translated from the French by MR. HENRY JAMES would be at any time a literary event of importance. But the publication in America of MR. JAMES'S translation of one of the most delightful works of a French master before the appearance of the original in France is an event wholly unprecedented. This, however, is accomplished in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June, in which the first part of MR. JAMES'S translation of ALPHONSE DAUDET'S *Port Tarascon; the Last Adventures of the Illustrious Tartarin*, is printed with profuse and characteristic illustrations by several hands. Tarascon is a small town in France on the Rhone, not far from Avignon, which was selected by DAUDET some years ago as the scene of a story of which he made Barbarin, a supposititious citizen of the town, the hero. But a family of the same name being offended, the author changed the name to Tartarin, and made his hero one of the drollest and most celebrated figures of the contemporary French novel. The humor of the tale was so charming and popular that DAUDET followed it with another series of droll adventures of the same hero, and he has now crowned the work with a conclusion which disposes of the "immortal Tartarin," and which is introduced by MR. JAMES to the English world in a translation whose felicity, delicate gayety, and lightness of touch undoubtedly reproduce the very quality of the work.

It is not the least drollery of the book that Tarascon lies in the romantic province of the Troubadours, for it is a light-some comedy, devoid of sentimentality, and it reveals a humorous side of the French literary genius which is far from common. It has something of the pure frolic tone, the fun for the fun's sake, of Knickerbocker's History. The humor is more rare and exquisite; yet to call it a French or Gascon Knickerbocker would convey some impression of its quality, bearing in mind always its more aerial and elusive character. Tartarin in his other forms is already known, perhaps, to many of our readers; the immense and good-natured braggart, endlessly humbugging himself and his comrades, living in a realm of amusing "blarney," and bewitching with gentle absurdity everything that he touches. In this part of his career he is inimitable, and the perfect relish of his historian for the character that he depicts, and the amiable follies of the simple Tarasconians, greatly enhance the fascination of the ludicrous tale.

The main theme of these last enterprises of Tartarin, the hegira of the population of the little town to the free colony of Port Tarascon, was suggested by the scheme of a gang of clever swindlers a few years ago in France, who beguiled a simple community in Brittany to embark for a promised

island paradise over the sea. After the wretched and almost fatal consequences of this enormous deception, they straggled back to France, and DAUDET was greatly impressed by the testimony at the investigation, which revealed to him a capacity for humbug which promised the richest comic results to imaginative treatment. The justice of his prevision is attested by this narrative. It is a bright and rollicking extravaganza, as such schemes viewed from the humorous side always are. It is a droll and plausible burlesque of actual experience, and the movement is so brisk and gay that the graver aspect is constantly hidden, and the enjoyment is not disturbed by sympathetic pity. Those who are accustomed to associate doubtful pictures of morbid passion with the French novel will be surprised and delighted to discover that the French novel also includes such fresh humor, and sparkling and good-natured satire, and the play of so fresh a fancy, as they will find in *Port Tarascon*.

A SOUTHERN VIEW OF "THE SOLID SOUTH."

THE Birmingham *Age-Herald*, in Alabama, says of the late book *Why the Solid South?* that while it is useful and timely as a history of the facts of carpet-bag and negro domination, it really does not touch the chief point at issue. The *Age-Herald* says that the work does not answer the Republican complaint that the negro is a constitutional voter prevented from voting by those who are allowed full representation for his vote. The book, it thinks, while approving the fifteenth amendment, attempts to justify its nullification.

This is an important and very suggestive criticism from a leading journal of opinion in its part of the country. It deprecates the tone of appeal to "Northern sympathy" which it finds in the work. The remedy for the trouble, the *Age-Herald* thinks, lies solely in the action of the States interested. "There is but one way in which the South can ward off the danger of negro rule, and in so doing put itself on secure ground and square before the country. That is, to provide such qualification for suffrage as will disfranchise the illiterate and irresponsible." This should have been the course pursued, it says, as soon as the rule of the carpet-baggers was overthrown. It must be adopted, it adds, before there will be honest and satisfactory politics in the Southern States, and immunity from Republican federal interference.

Whether the vote of the States in which the negro vote is largest could be procured for such a disfranchisement, the *Age-Herald* does not say. But that the suggestion is of great importance is undeniable. The division of the colored vote between the white parties seems to be conceded to be contingent upon open bribery, which would not promote the honest politics of which the paper speaks. The fact of the suggestion made by the *Age-Herald* as a solution of the problem is, however, very interesting as a sign of the disposition to look at the question practically, and to consider it in a candid spirit.

THE INDIAN SCHOOLS.

THE Indian Commissioner has asked for an increase of about $800,000 over the appropriation for the current year for the maintenance of Indian education. For eight years, beginning with 1876, there was an annual average increase of 75 per cent. in appropriations for this purpose, but for the last five or six years there has been practically no increase, and in 1887 even a reduction. It is the plain duty of the Commissioner to insist upon his request, because he, more than any other person, knows the actual requirements of the policy upon which the government has deliberately entered.

The "Indian problem" of course may be abandoned, if the country desires. The Indians may be left a permanent and costly disgrace to the national humanity and intelligence. But it would be foolish to assume that this is the public wish until it is unequivocally demonstrated. The legislation of recent years has revealed the public policy of absorbing the Indian population by wise and practicable means in the great body of citizens. The severalty law and the system of Indian education are vital measures of this policy. They contemplate the training of the Indians in the elements of education and of civilized industry.

To be thoroughly effective, the educational work must be greatly enlarged. New schools, ampler equipments, repairs, and the obligations incurred in our late purchase of eleven million acres of the land of the Sioux, demand imperatively increased resources, not to try experiments, but to do upon a necessarily greater scale and even more effectively what has been already done so well. The Indians of school age, excluding the New York Indians, or the five civilized tribes, are thirty-six thousand, but the present school accommodations are sufficient for less than a third of them. The Commissioner is but doing his duty in reminding us that if the Indian children are to be made self-supporting citizens, and not continued as dependent pauper wards of the government, this educational work must be done, and Congress ought not to hesitate to provide for it adequately.

THE POLICY OF PEACE.

AT the annual meeting in Washington of the Christian Arbitration and Peace Society, Mr. Justice HARLAN presiding, the Rev. GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN, of Philadelphia, President of the society, made an earnest and eloquent plea for national disarmament as the most effectual preventive of war. He does not question the right of self-defence; but it must be always self-defence, never assault or military conquest. A national police of armed men there may rightfully be, also, upon land and sea. But it must be a police, not the nurse of a national admiration of false glory.

Dr. BOARDMAN holds that we are strong enough, and ought to be brave enough, to propose to other nations disarmament and arbitration. His speech was made before the recommendation of arbitration by the Pan-American Congress. That recommendation and Dr. BOARDMAN'S speech, like the Geneva arbitration, are signs of the ripening opinion of civilization of which CHARLES SUMNER'S Fourth of July oration on the "True Grandeur of Nations" forty-five years ago in Boston was a harbinger. Dr. BOARDMAN, with TENNYSON, anticipates

"The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

But it is not yet clear that the most Christian pilgrim through a territory of savages is not safer with a gun than without it; and although it is hard to compare the state of Christendom to a savage realm, it is not unfair to suppose that in a community of armed states a truly peaceful state enjoys greater certainty of peace if it is known to maintain an adequate armed protective force. When we abandon the doctrine of absolute non-resistance, force is but a question of degree. Dr. BOARDMAN will agree that our army is only a police. It is plain that we are not dazzled by military glamour, and it would be very difficult to stir the country to an ardent demand for an aggressive navy. Indeed, our condition, both in fact and in spirit, shows that we have heeded SYDNEY SMITH'S warning seventy years ago: "DAVID PORTER and STEPHEN DECATUR are very brave men, but they will prove an unspeakable misfortune to their country if they inflame Jonathan with a love of naval glory, and inspire him with any other love of war than that which is founded upon a determination not to submit to serious insult and injury."

DU CHAILLU'S NEW BOOK.

IN England STANLEY is the hero of the hour, and London, which at this season asks only a "lion," is happy to have one fresh from the African jungles. But our old friend PAUL DU CHAILLU has claims the importance of which the heroism and notable exploits of STANLEY do not efface, and he has just condensed into one popular and abundantly illustrated volume, with maps, the story of his African travels, which will be found even more interesting in the compacter and connected form. There is room enough in Africa for many original explorers, and fame is like love or the sunshine. There is enough for all, and "to divide is not to take away."

DU CHAILLU claims to be the first white man who penetrated the vast and unbroken African forest extending two or three degrees on each side of the equator, sparsely inhabited by man and the characteristic animals of Africa, but by great numbers of venomous serpents, formidable species of ants, and strange varieties of apes, of which the gorilla, which DU CHAILLU calls the King of the African forest, is chief. Thirty-five years ago, in 1855, DU CHAILLU left New York upon his first voyage, returning in 1859. He travelled alone, making friends with the tribes, and passed peacefully from one to the other. He discovered the gorillas, the cannibals, the dwarfs, and the mountains. Upon his return his story was assailed with bitter incredulity; but Sir RICHARD OWEN and Sir ROBERT MURCHISON, with other men of the highest authority in science, befriended him, and now Mr. STANLEY and other travellers confirm his narrative.

The popular interest in his African story is very great, and it will be stimulated and renewed by that of STANLEY. He gives to his new volume the title, *Adventures in the Great Forest of Equatorial Africa and the Country of the Dwarfs*. It is published in London by JOHN MURRAY, and will be issued in a few days by the HARPERS in New York, and if the love of fresh and heroic adventure be as strong as it was a generation ago, and indeed as it is always likely to be, the public will take great satisfaction in this renewal of an old and proved pleasure.

MR. ABBEY'S "MAY-DAY MORNING."

THE English papers, with one accord, warmly praise the oil-painting exhibited this year in London by Mr. ABBEY—"A May-day Morning." The charm of the work is plainly reflected in the notices which describe a blithe freshness in the picture as if the artist had thrown a strain of CHAUCER upon the canvas. The *Athenæum*, however, is reminded of another poet. It says of the work by "the renowned book illustrator of New York," "It is an original and charming exercise in tone, tint, and line, cast in a low key, and all as beautifully harmonized as we could wish them. In 'A May-day Morning' we catch a glimpse of what HERRICK saw when he went 'a-Maying' with his Corinna." And again, "the grace and spontaneity, the broad, soft, and yet luminous effect, with its diffused light and softened shadows, and the charms of tone and color distinguishing this work, are such as HERRICK himself would delight in, and for it thank a painter possessed by his very spirit."

This poetic character of Mr. ABBEY'S work, the subtle play of imagination suffusing it with pure sentiment, and with the BOCCACCIO charm which belongs to GIORGIONE'S drawings and sketches, or more precisely, perhaps, the old English "pleasance," is its most characteristic quality. It is familiar in his "black and white," and it is delightful to learn that it is not less observable in his painting. The subject, indeed, is of the kind to which he naturally inclines. A pair of young lovers, he with a mandolin, dance along a garden space in the bright May morning in a flood of sunshine, fruit hanging upon the wall, and chanticleer with flapping wings saluting the day. Youth, beauty, love, and the morning are all touched by the tender skill of genius into a song of harmonious color.

Mr. ABBEY, doubtless full of the happy feeling of his picture, is just crossing the sea again, and among the good gifts that he will send back to us, let us hope, will be the opportunity of seeing this work. For,

"While Time serves and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a-Maying."

PERSONAL.

CHARLES BUTLER, of this city, who has recently given the University of the City of New York and the Union Theological Seminary each $100,000, has long been connected with these institutions. He studied law with MARTIN VAN BUREN, and began its practice in Geneva, New York. In 1834 he moved to this city, and soon became interested in the building of Western railroads and cities, Chicago and Toledo being among the young towns which received his attention. He made money, but used it justly, and helped many deserving persons and objects in their struggles. Mr. BUTLER has enjoyed the friendship of many famous men, among them THOMAS CARLYLE and JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. It is said that years ago a farmer in western New York asked Mr. BUTLER for a loan to publish some writings which he called a "New Bible." The loan was refused, but the book came out, and proved to be the celebrated Mormon Bible.

—Prince BISMARCK possesses over a hundred decorations, some of them very valuable. One, a diamond star, given him by the late Czar of Russia when the German statesman was made a member of the Order of St. Andrew, is worth $50,000.

—Hamilton Grange, the house which ALEXANDER HAMILTON built when, after his political defeat in 1802, he bought a farm at the upper end of Manhattan Island, still stands. It is near 142d Street and Convent Avenue, and is used now as the chapel of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church. The room on the first floor which WASHINGTON is said to have occupied during his visits to the Grange is preserved, with much of its furniture. The thirteen gum-trees which HAMILTON planted in commemoration of the original colonies are in a flourishing condition. A few hundred yards away stands the Colored Orphan Asylum, occupying the site of the house where AARON BURR once lived.

—Another colored man has come to the front in the Senior Class at Harvard College. He is WILLIAM EDMOND BURGHARDT DU BOIS, and he divided the BOYLSTON prize of $120 for declamation with a white competitor the other evening. He was born at Great Barrington, Massachusetts, was fitted for college there, and after being graduated with high honors at Fisk University, in Nashville, he entered the Junior Class at Harvard. He is fitting himself to be a teacher in the South, and supports himself by teaching, lecturing, and mining scholarships.

—JORGE ISAACS, the author of *Maria*, a translation of which was recently made by ROLLO OGDEN and published in the "Odd Number Series," is of mixed race—the son of an English Jew married to a woman of Spanish blood. He was born at Cali, in the beautiful vale of Cauca, where he has laid the scene of his story. Early in life he lost his father and mother by death, and since then has found a home in Bogotá, the Colombian capital. His first work, a small volume of verses, was enthusiastically received by the Bogotanos; and in 1867, when still a young man, he published *Maria*, which has come to be considered in South America as the most original and characteristic work yet produced in Spanish-American literature. The accompanying sketch is taken from a photograph recently received from him.

—General GEORGE VON CAPRIVI, the new German Chancellor, is, like his predecessor, a man of huge stature and soldierly mien. He has seen service in both the army and navy of his country, is a fine speaker, and is now in his fifty-ninth year.

—Miss BELLE A. SMITH, twenty-three years old, and a Michigander both by birth and education, has been made resident physician at the women's prison in Sherborn, Massachusetts.

—REUBEN R. THRALL, called the oldest practising attorney in the United States, has just died at Rutland, Vermont, at the age of ninety-five years. He was an old-time Abolitionist, and co-worker with WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

—Mr. CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM, who was for many years connected with the Manhattan and Brighton Beach hotels, will be associated this season with the management of the fashionable Hotel Kaaterskill, in the Catskill Mountains.

—M. CATACAZY, once a Russian diplomat of unusual prominence and brilliancy, died in retirement at St. Germain, France, not long ago. He was Secretary of Legation at Washington in 1848, and became Chargé d'Affaires when only twenty-four years old. After that he served with distinction at different European capitals, receiving rapid promotion, and when he returned to this country as Russian Minister his well-known sympathy with the cause of the North during the war and his brilliant reputation insured him a warm reception. An unfortunate scandal led to his recall, and when, soon afterward, he was dismissed from the Russian diplomatic service, he became one of the editors of the Paris *Figaro*.

—OLIVER BELL BUNCE, who died in New York May 15th, was born in New York February 8, 1828. Mr. BUNCE has been associated for many years with the Messrs. APPLETON, and was editor of *Appleton's Journal*. As an author his works include *The Opinions and Disputations of Bachelor Bluff, Timias Terrystone, Don't, My House, an Ideal*, and *The Story of Happinolande*. He was among the first who paid marked attention to illustrated works, and it was at his suggestion that *Picturesque America* was published by the Messrs. APPLETON. For many years Mr. BUNCE has been in delicate health, but yet accomplished a great amount of literary work. Endowed with a fine taste, and holding high the sentiment of honor, his influence has helped in no small degree to advance the intellectual development of the United States.

THE DRY-GOODS DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. ROGERS AND FRANK H. SCHELL.

FEW people know the enormous amount of business done and the wealth represented by the business men situated within something less than a square mile of the lower part of New York city. This region is known as the dry-goods district, and extends, roughly stated, from Thomas Street, three blocks above the City Hall, to Bleecker Street, and from West Broadway to Elm Street. There are, of course, a few straggling houses outside of these limits. Into this district is received the great bulk of all the merchandise imported into the United States; here is represented about seventy-five per cent. of the enormous textile manufacturing interest of the country. Every great cotton-mill, woollen-mill, or silk-mill; almost every great linen house in the north of Ireland and in Dundee; numerous large English woollen houses and lace manufacturers; the great velvet and velveteen houses of a half-dozen foreign countries; the extensive lace houses of Switzerland and "Luft-stickerei" houses of Germany—all these have agents in that small piece of territory. Here likewise are represented all the large houses of Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Minneapolis, St. Paul, and a score of other prominent cities, by agents who have offices, and in many cases large display rooms, in the dry-goods district. Every movement in the trade is usually felt there first, and the branch house is, perhaps, in a majority of cases, of more importance, because its transactions are larger, than the house it represents. It is the great distributing point for all imported goods; it is the place to which merchants from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Maine to Louisiana, come to buy their goods and select their samples. In short, the total amount of dry-goods business done in this district in the year is not less than $1,200,000,000. Nowhere else in the world, in so small a space, is there so much traffic done in fabrics, or in any other commodity.

Before the civil war the centre of the dry-goods business was Fulton Street, now devoted to oil, paint, drugs, and general merchandise; the upper limit of the district was opposite City Hall Park on Broadway. The dry-goods business, like all other branches of commerce, is, and has been for many years, steadily creeping up town.

THE COTTON DISTRICT.

This is the greatest textile industry in the country, for cotton is a fabric worn by rich and poor, is used for almost every conceivable clothing purpose, and takes the place largely of linen. We grow our cotton here, we spin it, and we weave it; we do not grow our flax, and we do not manufacture the flax fibre. Year by year cotton has been driving out numerous fabrics made of other materials, because greater skill has been acquired in spinning, designing, weaving, and printing. The skill in manufacture, as well as in the art of deceiving, is such that sometimes cotton fabrics are bought for linen and for silks, and cloths with only a small percentage of wool are sold as all-woollens. This is true, of course, to the greatest extent of dress goods. Cotton goods are oftenest sold as linens, and it requires the borax and other tests to determine the one from the other. Of late, however, the purchasers of what are called linen goods adopt all the means that the science of chemistry can supply to determine whether articles sold as linen are genuine. The method is this: a piece of cloth is immersed in a strong solution of borax, the liquid being hot. If the fabric is composed of cotton, it retains its color; if it is linen, it becomes a straw-colored yellow; if it is part linen and part cotton, it is checkered in yellow and white.

The cotton district may be said to extend from Duane Street to White Street, and from Broadway to West Broadway. Within this space is represented the bulk of the cotton manufacture of the country. The stranger going into a commission house here, where so many millions of business are done in the year, might easily believe that transactions there were very small. There are no shelves on the sides for holding goods as you find in a retail store; there is often nothing more than counters, or, more properly speaking, show tables, upon which are displayed samples of the goods made by the mills which the commission house represents. Sometimes persons from the country who want to do some shopping while in town get into the dry-goods district, and reading the signs, go in to make some purchases. A man and woman from the country went a few days ago into the largest commission building in Worth Street to make some small purchases. After looking around for a few moments, and seeing only four or five salesmen and hardly any goods, the man turned to his wife and said: "This place is no good, Jane. Come to the Bowery, where they got some goods." Then, taking a survey of the establishment, he added: "I don't wonder they have so many large failures in New York. Look at all these big premises, and no business a-doin'."

Cotton manufacture, as has been stated, is increasing enormously, and year by year a higher standard of excellence is being reached. Every cotton fabric made by a mill of any note in the country has an agent in the district. The great Pepperell Mills, the Laconia, making brown and bleached sheetings, satines, and corset jeans, and the Pepperell Dragon and "Chop"—the two latter fabrics being manufactured for export to China—have all commission houses here. And the bulk of the manufacture of the great Amoskeag Mills is disposed of by one commission house. The cloths made by this huge corporation are brown sheetings, drills, bags, cotton dress goods, and other stuffs. No other mills in the world come near them in capacity for the production of such goods. They have no less than 250,000 spindles and over 7000 looms. Then comes the Goddard Corporation, with its 340,000 spindles, making all manner of bleached cottons, from 64 square to 250 threads to the square inch. The number of looms corresponds to the spindles.

Nearly all the great and little cotton-mills sell their goods through agents, but the wealth that belongs to this enormous industry is not to be found among the mills as a general rule, but in the little patch of ground known as the cotton district in New York city. There are two noted exceptions, however. The Wamsutta corporation sells its own goods, as do also the Knights, of Providence, who are the largest manufacturers of plain cottons in the world, running several mills of 360,000 spindles. Of course their great basis of operations is in the dry-goods district of this city.

Of late there has been a tremendous activity and no little foreboding among dealers in cotton goods, owing to the fact that a large amount of capital has recently been invested in cotton manufactures in the South. The great bulk of the new Southern corporations, of course, have established agencies in New York. Just imagine what the increased capacity for cotton production next year will be over that of this year with over sixty new corporations for the manufacture of cotton goods organized in the South in the past eight months! A very wealthy and prominent cotton man, who has, besides several New England cotton-goods accounts, two from the South, said to the writers:

"There is going to be a heavy smash in our business right here, just as sure as the heavens are above us. It doesn't pay us now to make cottons as it did. The thing is overdone. Look at all these stately buildings," pointing across the street; "they did make money once; now they are little better than genteel pawn-shops. These houses round about us are carrying the mills they represent. Why, bless you, there are a hundred and more of cotton-mills in the New England States the owners of which haven't money enough to buy the dyes for the orders they receive. The commission men have to furnish the money for the raw material and for the labor, and then trust to luck and Providence that our commissions will recoup us. This Southern movement, I repeat, is alarming."

Such views are regarded by other merchants as pessimistic.

The cotton goods exhibited in the spacious and splendid floors of the commission houses embrace almost every description of cotton fabric known to the most persistent shopper. Looking through the almost infinite variety of articles, however, one reaches everywhere the limit to domestic skill in some respects. For example, no domestic mill represented in this great district can turn out a piece of Nottingham lace to compare with the imported. Our lace curtains are fifty years behind the times. Then, owing to temperature, we cannot spin cotton as fine as they can in England, in Switzerland, and other parts of Europe. This is why one can go into certain importing houses on Greene, Franklin, and White streets and find massed together mill-

A STREET CORNER IN THE DRY-GOODS DISTRICT.

A CARPET AUCTION.

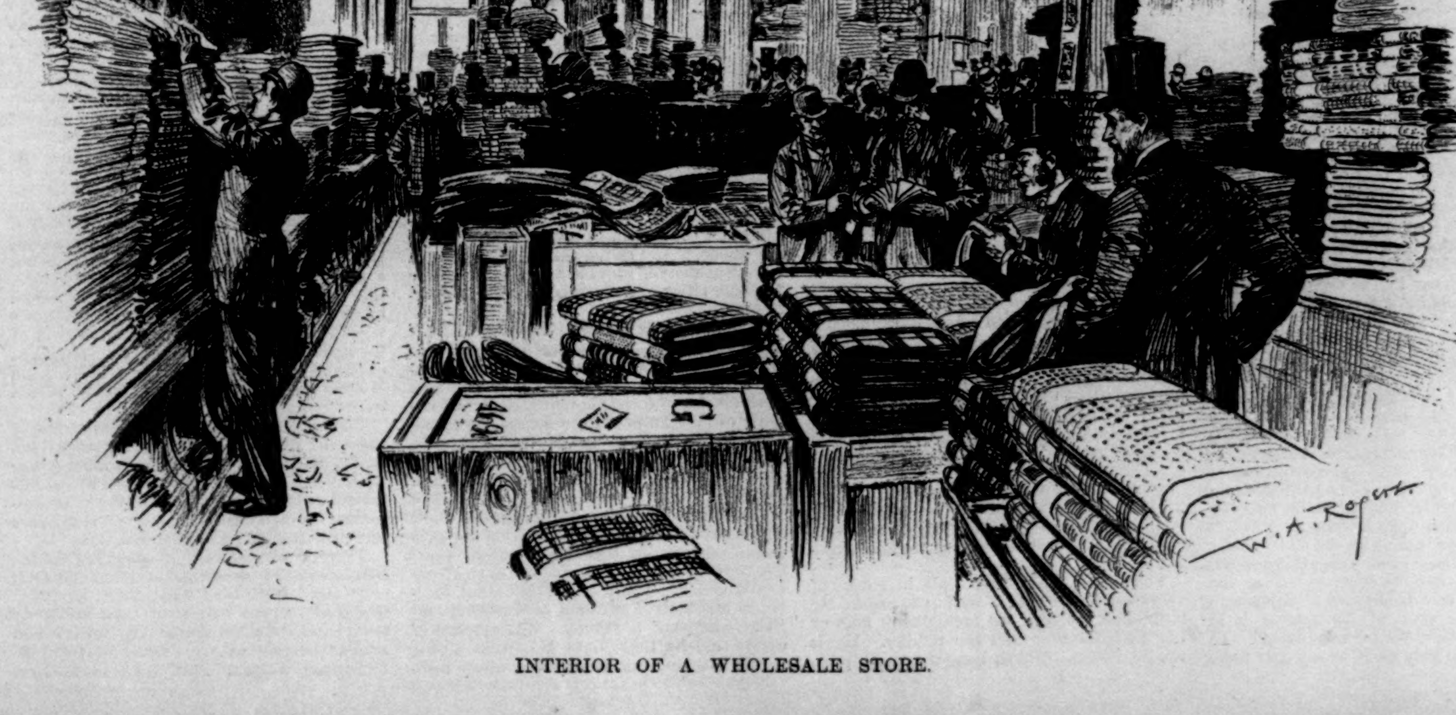
ions of dollars' worth of exquisite laces from St. Gall and Herisau, in Switzerland, and Stuttgart, in Germany. No tariff wall is able to keep those beautiful goods out of the market. Of course most of the fine laces are made of linen, but a vast quantity of laces manufactured from cotton also comes in here. The total value of the imports of cottons through the New York Custom-house this year will be about $21,000,000. Our cotton men in the district declare that it is the duty of the hour to wipe out that part of our commerce.

All intelligent cotton-goods dealers are deeply interested in the success of the Pan-American Congress's deliberations, and in what Congress will do. They believe that salvation lies only in enlarged foreign markets, which end can be achieved, they say, by no other means than reciprocity treaties with Spanish-American countries, and by bounty to ships in some way similar to the bounty system of England.

THE WOOLLEN DISTRICT.

In spite of the long series of disasters that have recently come upon the woollen business here, in Philadelphia, and in Boston, that interest as represented in the district is only second to cottons. Its domain, in an irregular way, extends from Worth Street to Broome Street. Some of the roomiest and most stately buildings used for dry-goods purposes are devoted to the woollen business, and occupied by men that may well be called "merchant princes." One of the largest of them the other day, however, toppled down, and his falling was as a clap of thunder on the ears of the great dry-goods community. And after that collapse, "O what a fall was there, my countrymen! Then you, and I, and all of us fell down." The quotation is not literally true, but apt enough for use. Numerous other smaller firms were involved with the large one, and came tumbling down like houses of cards. There was consternation everywhere in the district; and presently the banks began to refuse money to the mills. This hastened the downfall of another crop of concerns. It would not be true to say that confidence has been restored in the woollen business.

Yet some of the men in the woollen district have amassed great fortunes, and many of them are making money now hand over fist. Said a Worth Street commission man to the writers: "The average of profits on investments in cotton is only about five per cent. But that is only a legitimate charge against capital. We woollen men expect our five per



INTERIOR OF A WHOLESALE STORE.

AREA OF DRY-GOODS DISTRICT WITHIN HEAVY LINES.

cent., and a turn over of ten per cent., which latter is our profit.

"Of course in the manufactures of woollens almost everything made from wool is produced in this country, and displayed by samples or actual stock on the commission men's counters or shelves. There you will find meltons and Cheviots, checks and stripes, friezes and beavers, all made in our own mills, but the retailer later on sells them as 'English' or imported goods. Even West of England woollen cloth and Scotches, not even excepting the heather, are made here, and later on likewise sold as English or Scotch goods. Go down to the lower part of the city especially, or up the avenues, and in almost every tailor's window you come to you will notice all manner of woollen fabrics ticketed as imported or 'English.' More than four-fifths of them are domestics."

There is brought to the dry-goods district from abroad each year a vast quantity of worsteds and woollens, it is true, and there is no doubt about the superiority of the imports; but this nearly the whole body of woollen men now say is due to the high duty on wool, which handicaps the manufacturers. Scores and scores of woollen men who supported high or higher tariff at the last election have now turned right-about face. The failures above referred to have taught them a bitter lesson. "Worse than all this," said one gentleman deeply interested, "in Ohio there will be a falling off in flocks to a degree unheard of ever before." In an interview held by Baron de Thummel-Cloth, who is making economical investigations in this country, with Governor Foraker, the latter gentleman said (de Cloth hands us a transcript of the interview): "The falling off in sheep-raising is enormous in Ohio. Throughout the country it will average ten thousand a day." The Woollen-goods Association are alarmed at this. "For," said one prominent member of that organization, "with the tendency to maintain or even increase duty on wool, our business will be seriously hampered."

There are not in the ground above described less than sixty conspicuous commission houses; not confining themselves, of course, to woollens, many of them having cotton, silk, hosiery, and other accounts. The woollen merchant has, as a rule, a representative in Eastern, Western, and some few of the large Southern cities. Very often they send out their own salesmen loaded with trunk after trunk of the products of their mills. But the distant buyer is beginning to find out that the samples they receive from jobbers and mills who sell their own goods to the trade direct are likely to be off color and "slow" at head-quarters. A popular fabric in the dry-goods trade sells with the same rapidity as does a new play or book that suddenly captivates the popular taste. For this reason wide-awake merchants visit the city themselves, visit the jobbing and commission houses, and make investigations; hence the belle along the Mississippi or as far West as Kansas will appear in the newest styles of fabric as soon as does some queen of fashion on Fifth Avenue.

Some houses keep large stocks of staples on hand, which they sell to jobbers close by, and sometimes to the retail trade, and the latter practice is increasing every day. As a result of this, a number of small jobbers have disappeared, having been starved out, while only five or six houses may be said to flourish.

To this sub-district also belongs the flannel business. Two auction sales held this season by two leading houses in the auction-rooms of Wilmerding, Morris, & Mitchell brought, together, nearly $5,000,000. About five years ago these sales were inaugurated, and since that time the seller as well as the buyer finds it best to dispose of flannels in this way. The state of the market is at once gathered from the prices obtained. In conclusion, it is only right to say that there is at present no little apprehension among woollen men, owing to the falling off in flocks, and to the evident devotion of the administration to a tariff which last year they favored, and which now they fear. The woollen merchants, like their cotton neighbors, feel the importations of woollens as a thorn in their side. In spite of the duty on worsteds and woollens, there is entered at the port of New York, to be distributed from the dry-goods district, goods to the value of no less than $40,000,000.

THE JOBBING HOUSES.

As has been stated already, a large number of jobbing houses have been crushed out of existence. It has to be added that it is only those whose rating is put up among the millions that now find it desirable to remain in the business. The great houses in the jobbing business are H. B. Claflin & Co.; E. S. Jaffray & Co.; Tefft, Weller, & Co.; Sweetser, Pembrook, & Co.; Dunham, Buckley, & Co.; Butler, Clapp, Wentz, & Co., and Lee, Tweedy, & Co. There are several smaller houses, the combined business of which is large. The total amount of the jobbing business done in a year in the district is about $200,000,000. The jobbing houses are not close together. All of the great ones are on Broadway excepting Claflin's, and this magnificent concern occupies half an entire block. The others named occupy immense stone buildings with beautiful fronts, and they are all packed from top to bottom with every conceivable kind of goods. The commission people, according to the laws of trade courtesy, are supposed to sell only to the jobbers, and for a long time this rule was respected. It is not now. Nevertheless, a visit to one of these houses, with its vast quantity of goods, the number of merchants that is to be seen going from counter to counter, from department to department, and from floor to floor, will give one such an idea of the dry-goods business as he can gain in no other way. Just imagine the quantity and variety of fabrics, the number of employés, the order, the system, and the activity of a house doing a business of from forty to fifty millions a year! To walk through one of these houses and see the array of fabrics of every kind would be quite enough to turn the head of many a woman. But the business of the jobber is only with men. His smallest sale is supposed to be a dozen of any article asked for.

If a customer come into a jobbing house he may ask for a pair of attractive gloves, or a handsome rug or shawl, but in such parlance the salesman dare not sell to him. If it be the gloves he wants, the salesman will cry out, "Gloves, one-twelfth of a dozen—cash." This sort of business, however, is not done to any great extent. It may not be exactly pertinent here, but it is quite true that the jobbers were badly "sold" during the Centennial celebration of the past summer. They went to every pains; they spared no expense in advertising or in the issue of circulars; they met, and induced the Chamber of Commerce to join them in asking the railroad companies to give advantageous terms to visitors for ten days, hoping thereby to attract merchants who never came before to New York to see their goods. The strangers came, but the bulk of the sales was made up of "one-twelfth of a dozen." They captured school-masters, farmers, and general house-keepers. They did not even get to a great extent the cross-road country retailer. The mercantile visitors declined to mix up business with pleasure. However, their great-grandsons will no doubt go to the same cost and trouble at the next centennial exposition.

The jobber, of course, deals in goods of every kind, domestic as well as foreign. He is the link between the commission man or the manufacturer and the retailer. He is the man whom it most behooves to keep his hand on the pulse of trade. About certain staples he is always sure, for his experience will keep him right. But the Goddess of Fancies is fickle, and changes her mind from day to day; and a piece of cloth that a season ago could not be manufactured half fast enough may become as a wilted flower. It is hard to tell how the reaction sets in, but when it does set in, it is like the turning of the ocean tide. Probably it is begotten of the inherent desire in men and women for change, for something new. The staples are like bread and butter—they are there to remain.

No more interesting sight in the operations of commerce can be seen than when there is what is called a "drive" in one of these large jobbing houses. A "drive" is a sale following a cut in the price of any special fabric. A noted one in the past summer was that in ginghams by H. B. Claflin & Co. Ginghams had been moving steadily; they were a staple, and New York jobbers were content to let business go on as it was. But the ambitious and enterprising house of Marshall Field & Co., of Chicago, was resolved to show New York that it could undersell the metropolis. This was to prove to the Western retail trade that it was as good for them, if not better, to buy at Chicago than to go to New York, losing more time, paying higher freight rates, and more for their tickets. So when it was flashed to New York over the wires what the great Chicago jobber had decided to do there was a flurry, and many jobbers got together and consulted. "This," they said, "is a war between New York and Chicago." Then every eye was turned toward Claflin's. That house was equal to the occasion. Down came the prices of ginghams in New York. What dry-goods men call "the slaughter" was continued for a long time, and the retailers bought ginghams cheaper than they had ever got them in their lives before. It was a sight long to be remembered to go into the enormous Claflin establishment during that "drive." The clerks were stripped for work; each man had his respective duty to perform, and they all moved with the precision and order of a military regiment. Retailers fairly swarmed there, and there was almost as much excitement on their faces as might be seen around a gambling board. The goods were staple, and these retailers had always sold them, and always could sell them. As each one waited for his turn, he seemed to be in dread that before he reached the salesman the goods would be all gone. But all were satisfied. It was stated afterward, on good authority, that there had been an over-production of these goods.

It was out of this that grew the present intense rivalry between Chicago and New York. Chicago states through her trade press that the jobbing business of Chicago has almost reached the limit of New York, and will soon exceed it. The trade press of New York replies that Chicago must not mistake pork for dry-goods. And so the unsisterly strife goes on. But there is room in this great country for both cities, and there is no need to quarrel.

The dry-goods auction business in New York has in late years fallen off in some respects. Houses that used to sell great quantities of imported goods do not now have that business, for the simple reason that our imports of foreign goods are decreasing as we become able to make goods as handsome in style and coloring, and as excellent in weave, as those which we so long obtained from abroad.

There are five auction houses in New York city which, it may be said, do all the dry-goods business of that kind, and of these five only three devote themselves exclusively to dry-goods. These are Wilmerding, Morris, & Mitchell; Townsend & Montant; and Field, Chapman, & Fenner. The amount of goods sold by these three houses in a year would run between twenty and thirty millions of dollars. Most of the foreign goods are sold by Townsend & Montant; the other two houses deal almost entirely in domestics.

It must not be supposed, as in ordinary commercial transactions, that the dry-goods sold at auction are bankrupt goods. That class of merchandise these houses scarcely ever deal in. Here is the manner in which their business comes into existence.

If some fancy fabric—not a staple—such as a cotton print, a cassimere, a silk, etc., should find a sudden demand by reason of its pattern, or its name, or the label upon it, and the demand could not be supplied, then of course the commission man, who is located in New York, sends out some such order as this to the mill or mills which he represents: "Put all your energies on this or that fabric. Orders are coming in from jobbers and retailers in scores." Suddenly the demand for these articles drops. The jobber or the commission man has thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of such goods on his hands. To the hammer they must go.

Said a leading commission man to the writers of this article: "It is astonishing how fickle public taste is becoming of late in the matter of fabrics. This, of course, is true to a greater extent in dress goods than in anything else. Let us take men's cloths. One year small checks are in vogue; another year large checks are all the rage; then come in diagonals, corkscrews, and all sorts of wide wales. Last year, for example, Irish friezes, which for a long time had been as dead as Julius Cæsar, suddenly sprung into life on the other side. The fashion soon reached here, and you could not go into an elevated car without seeing very many persons clad entirely in a material almost as rough as frieze. Of course frieze is still very largely a favorite among those in search of new and fashionable fabrics. It is owing to these changes in public taste that, as we have said, the auction business is in one respect so important here." But this is not all. For the last five or seven years the great jobbers of this city, of Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other places, have got into the habit of waiting for the well-known sales of flannels, blankets, etc., by such houses as William L. Strong; Faulkner, Page, & Co.; Parker, Wilder, & Co.; Deering, Milliken, & Co.—where they purchase all that they need. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that at one of these huge auction sales, where from a half-million to a million and a half's worth of goods are sold, the merchandise goes at a very low price. At the sales this year the prices were quite up to the average, and all the talk in the newspapers that flannels, blankets, etc., were in a shaky condition was mere nonsense. The commission houses and the mills they represented were entirely satisfied with the prices. All this, of course, was good for the auctioneers.

This has, however, to be noted. Down in Worth, Franklin, and other important business streets, are men who will say: "We, as commission men, do not allow a temporary preference for this or that to run away with our judgment. We keep within our orders. Sometimes there is a cancellation of an order, but not so much of it as has been stated in some of the trade papers." The head of a large Worth Street house said, with an exultant lift of his head: "We have never yet had an auction sale. Most of our neighbors about here have had. We are of no value to the auctioneers; we are not sorry."

To these sales come people from all parts of the States. Mr. Wilmerding, who is one of the veteran auctioneers of the city, says that customers come to them from Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine; from the East and the West, the North and the South. He says that the domestic auction business is increasing.

Mr. Montant, of Townsend & Montant, says that the auction traffic in foreign goods is steadily falling off. They chiefly handle imported silks; and he complains bitterly of the local tax of one-half of one per cent. on all goods in broken packages sold in this market. "We have," he said, "paid half a million of this barbarous tax in the past few years. It was imposed in the last century. It is unconstitutional, because it interferes with trade and commerce; and Daniel Webster has denounced it. But now we have taken the question into the courts."

It is interesting to note how some of these very large auction sales are carried on. From one end of the great room to the other are people resembling a standing congregation at church. They are there, as we have said, from all parts of the Union, and there is not a man of them, if he has been there before, that the trained auctioneer is not able to call by name. Moreover, he can tell sometimes what the bid is by the simple movement of the lips or the raising of a finger. The most expert of them all in this regard is Mr. John Wilmerding. Mr. Alphonse Montant is said to come next.

The bids at such sales are genuine, and if the order to sell is made "peremptory," nothing can then be "passed," but must go for whatever it brings. A great sale will sometimes last from two to three days. The customers on such days, or at any great sale, are served with lunch along the counters.

There are other sales, but seldom in the houses already mentioned, of odds and ends—broken parcels, and what might be called dry-goods scraps. At such sales are to be seen small retailers from the Bowery and similar neighborhoods. Some of the purchasers are women. Four months is the time

usually allowed on auction purchases. Sometimes a purchaser turns out to be unworthy of credit, but as every one is not rated in Bradstreet's, Dun's, or by any other commercial agency, although they may be deserving of trust, the goods for which they bid are knocked down to them without inquiry being made into their responsibility.

THE PRINTERS.

In no department of textile art and skill has greater progress been made in this country within the past few years than in the printing of cotton and woollen cloths. Among the most noted and artistic of domestic cotton prints are the Pacific, the Cocheco, the Eddystone, the Windsor, the Manchester, and the Hamilton. All of these have either their agents or their head-quarters in the dry-goods district. The printing houses have artists, whose time is taken up in devising designs and combination of color, and there is a constant progress in the methods of doing the printing. A few years ago printing was crude, and the colors did not last; now they are artistic and delicate, and in some cases the colors are just as fast as the best European work. "There is much room for improvement yet, however," said a representative of the firm of Garner & Co. to the writers. Bliss, Fabyan, & Co. are the pioneer printers of indigo blue in this country, but the largest printers in the United States are Garner & Co. The latter firm have fifty printing machines, and print cloths made by mills which run over 350,000 spindles and 8000 looms.

There is hardly a month that some new and beautiful design in printing does not make its appearance in the district, but such design is a profound secret till enough goods to meet the expected demand has been printed. Then the pirater of designs may come along if he pleases.

THE IMPORTERS.

This sub-district extends from Worth to Broome streets, and from Broadway to Greene Street. The imports into this section consist of cottons, woollens, silks, raw silk, wool, hemp, flax, notions, and miscellaneous dry-goods merchandise. The territory, as will be seen by the accompanying map, is not large, but the transactions during the year are not less than $250,000,000. "But this," said a representative of the firm of Hoenighaus & Curtiss, "is a falling off. This country is now learning how to do her own textile work." The imported goods of most volume and of most importance to the district are worsteds and other woollen goods, silks, linen, laces, hosiery, and notions. The large worsted and woollen importers rejoice in the tariff on wool, for it enables them, they admit, to be able to do a profitable business. The importers, though in a majority of cases having domestic accounts, nevertheless form a guild that is as distinct and as far apart from the domestic people as the linen men are separated from all the other merchants in the district. Some of the heads of these firms are the kindred of the heads of European houses which have been powerful in the trade for a century and more. The houses referred to are mere great American branches of the parent house in Europe.

Some of the buildings occupied by the importers are noble structures. Here you will find one of granite, and there one of stone, towering up as guarantees of a sound and profitable trade. A great many of them have iron fronts, and they are all packed from top to bottom with the choicest product of foreign looms.

The reasons why such a large foreign trade can exist are these: we cannot compete with Great Britain in worsteds and in some woollens; we are behindhand in lace-making, and Switzerland and other countries conquer us in our own market; we are driven to the wall by the manufactures of the very cheap and very high grades of hosiery in Chemnitz; we have not yet learned how to ret the flax stalk and bleach the fibre; and we have much to learn in the production and the "finishing" of silk. This most merchants in the district feel, and they never tire of talking about it. They believe that we should have this business to ourselves. The importers who are making money remain silent.

THE LINEN DISTRICT.

The linen houses occupy an exceptional position in the trade. The dry-goods trade of New York, with the exception of a few commission houses, is chiefly in the hands of American citizens. It is not so with the linen trade, which is carried on by an Irish and Scotch colony, with a few Germans scattered among them. The best houses on the other side have branches here, and, consequently, but little is done on a purely commission basis. Franklin, Leonard, and White streets are the centre of the linen trade. There is little noise here. The store appears lifeless, and from outward appearance a stranger could hardly form any notion of the enormous amount of business done on these streets in a single day. Chance buyers are few, for the majority of purchasers are old customers. Nearly all these firms hold a kind of aristocratic position in the district, and it is beyond question the most conservative branch of the textile trade.

The reason for this conservatism is that since we are unable to produce linen in this country, the trade is confined to a very limited number of firms. All the trials made by the manufacturers of linen in the United States have been failures, and involved some of the experimenters in losses of hundreds of thousands of dollars. The conservatism shown on this side of the water is still more pronounced on the other side, and it is a very difficult matter for a merchant starting out in business to establish connections with old and solid European houses. Very often, on account of the excellence of certain "specialties," a house gets a high standing in the trade, and can sell more than producing capacity allows them to turn out. Usually staple goods can be found in the open market. Again, we know of firms that keep damask table-cloth from one hundred and twenty to two hundred dollars per set. Regarding fancy articles, such as handkerchiefs, and especially hem-stitched or embroidered goods, orders have to be placed at least six months before delivery can be expected. Such goods are subjected to the caprices of fashion. Therefore stocks on hand, as a rule, cover only the wants of one season.

Referring once more to the conservative way in which linen houses, as a rule, do business, one may refer to their opposition to any new scheme or invention relating to their trade. Lately some enterprising Americans believed that they had found a new way of retting flax in one-third of the usual time, and that the products could be bleached even in our climate. There are probably not three firms in the linen trade which believe in the new process, and will not until they can see it with their eyes. The secret of manufacturing linen is older than Cheops. During more than two thousand years the manufacturing process has undergone but comparatively few changes. Perhaps the reason for the ultra-conservatism of a linen man is to be found in this fact of sacred tradition. There are only a few historic pieces in America; the rest in existence are mostly the property of some of the leading families in Europe, and of course are family heirlooms.

The sort of goods sold in this country embraces all the different manufactures of linen. The methods of selling goods are not at all uniform. One house will decline dating ahead; another will accommodate its customers for ninety to one hundred and eighty days, often discounting their bills at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

The number of prominent linen houses in this city is about fifteen, a few of which own the fine structures in which they carry on their world-wide business. The value of linen imports in this district in a year is now about $19,000,000.

NOTIONS.

This is peculiarly an American term, and has formed a theme for the pen of more than one British humorist. But, after all, when one comes to look at it, the word is not inappropriate, for the class of goods represented by the term are such as a woman or even a man going into a store might be said to "take a *notion* to." The realm of notions does not lie in the dry-goods district; it extends from the Battery to the Harlem River. Nevertheless there is an enormous amount of notion business done in the district. Notion houses are sandwiched in everywhere between houses devoted to wool, cotton, silk, or linen. We refer of course to the wholesale dealers and jobbers in notions. No merchant is able to say in a few words what notions are. But walk through the dry-goods district and what you see will give some idea. An umbrella is a notion; so are corsets, combs, pins, needles, pocket-books, belts, suspenders, and a thousand and one other things. One phrase for all is very convenient. All the jobbing houses carry large stocks of notions.

RAW SILK AND SILK GOODS.

It goes without saying that silks are now, as they have been for so many centuries, the most highly prized of all the fabrics. But the consumption of silk is increasing in this country beyond the proportion of the increase in population. Paterson, which has its silk goods sold from New York, is a silk hive, and West Hoboken and other places are busy putting up mills. There have been wonderful strides made of late in the manufacture and "finishing" of domestic silks, and many a historic house in the silk district (which, by-the-way, extends from Canal to Broome streets and from Broadway to Greene Street) now care as much for domestics as for foreigns. The amount of our domestic silk manufactures now reaches about $45,000,000, but we still import $30,000,000 of foreign goods. Foreign and domestic are found side by side in the great importing and wholesale houses, as well as in jobbing houses, and many a hundred piece of domestic has a foreign label upon it to carry it. Raw silk we cannot produce here, and there is entered at our port about $20,000,000 worth a year.

The writers were told by Mr. Schramm, of the large importing house of Schafer, Schramm, & Vogel, that in fifteen years from now he did not believe there would be more than a mere nominal amount of silks imported into this country.

SOME GRIEVANCES IN THE DISTRICT.

Every community has its grievances, and so has the dry-goods district. If a merchant wants to sell goods, he is obliged to date his bills ahead for several months, or the customer will go elsewhere for accommodation. Then a buyer from some distant point will come to town, and after being plied with champagne, will order far beyond his needs. The goods are shipped, but the far-away merchant refuses to take them, and back they come. The greatest sore in the district is the "piracy of designs." Some enterprising houses keep their own designers, and are constantly putting attractive patterns on the market. No sooner is it out than it is pounced upon. It is exactly like literary piracy; but there is legislation, which, as framed, is not sufficient to protect the originators. There is, then, the tax of one-half of one per cent. on broken foreign packages, referred to elsewhere. There is the constant complaint by importers that the Custom-house is against them, that it favors domestic industries to the detriment of importers' interests, and that, lastly, there is no use in making an appeal for justice.

Edmund Collins and Lee J. Vance.

WEIGHING TROUT IN THE WOODS.

BY HENRY P. WELLS.

The accompanying illustration pictures one of those moments counterparts of which stand out like mile-stones in the piscatorial recollections of every angler. The day has been cloudy. A gentle breeze, of just such strength and direction as to assist rather than impede casting, has rippled the water, and enabled the fisherman not only to present his artificial flies in the nearest possible similitude to those of nature, but also to conceal the connection between them and himself.

Large is a comparative term. It matters nothing whether the largest trout in a certain water weighs a pound, as in some of our New York or Pennsylvania brooks, or ten or eleven pounds, as do some of the leviathans of the Rangely Lakes. It is all one. The largest trout in size in that particular water are the trout of the largest experience, and the most difficult to beguile. The comparatively small ones, be they of a quarter or of four or five pounds in weight, fall a comparatively easy prey to the wiles of the angler; but the large ones usually laugh his skill to scorn, unless it is supplemented and aided by favorable conditions of time, wind, and weather.

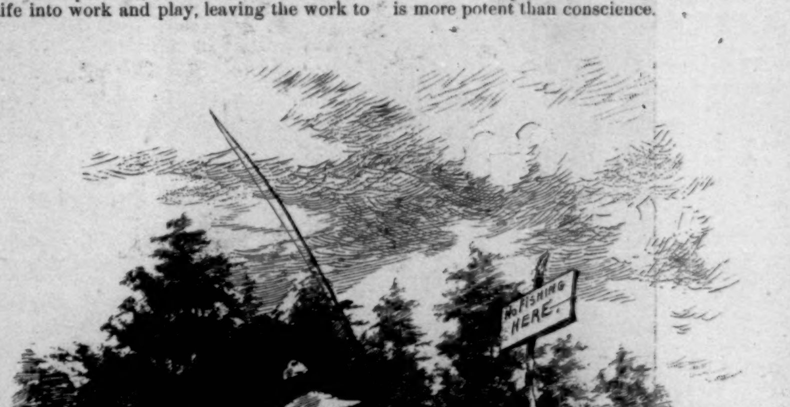
In the case portrayed the angling party has consisted of two persons—the ideal number for such an expedition. They have cast their lines far from the haunts of men, seeking that temporary and occasional relapse into the wild, unfettered life of the primitive man which is so dear to him whose every-day domicile and occupation lies within the confines of an advanced civilization. There is a depth of philosophy and truth in the old adage not always appreciated by those who glibly repeat that "variety is the spice of life."

So, like men of sense, who recognize that the pursuit of pleasure is the end in view, and that compulsory cooking, dish-washing, and fire-wood-cutting are not usually pleasures, they have employed others to do the drudgery incident to their outing, dividing, as far as possible, the events of their woods life into work and play, leaving the work to those paid to do it, and appropriating the fun to themselves. Thus managed, one who possesses any stamina, and tries it for the first time, will be astonished to find how really comfortable he can be with the earth for a bed, and under a shelter which he would at home consider hardly fit for the sleeping-place of a horse. Oh, the pictures that dance in the flames of the camp fire, and the music of the winds as they sing their harmonies of many parts through the forest overhead! There are many evening entertainments for the amusement of mankind, but it may well be doubted if any affords keener pleasure than the voice and vicinity of the forest when, after a day of good fortune, the angler rolls himself in his blankets, and drowsily yields himself to the influence of the surroundings as his last cigar for the night burns itself away.

Not but, like everything else, it has its drawbacks. A three or four days' rain-storm, when constant and skilled nursing can coax but a feeble glow from the camp fire, and its superabundant smoke drives into and at frequent intervals fills the only shelter from the pitiless rain, is not pleasant even to the most seasoned. But the sun at last shines again, and the discomforts of the past are forgotten; or, if remembered, it is but as a matter for jest in the glow, freshness, and fragrance of the delicious present.

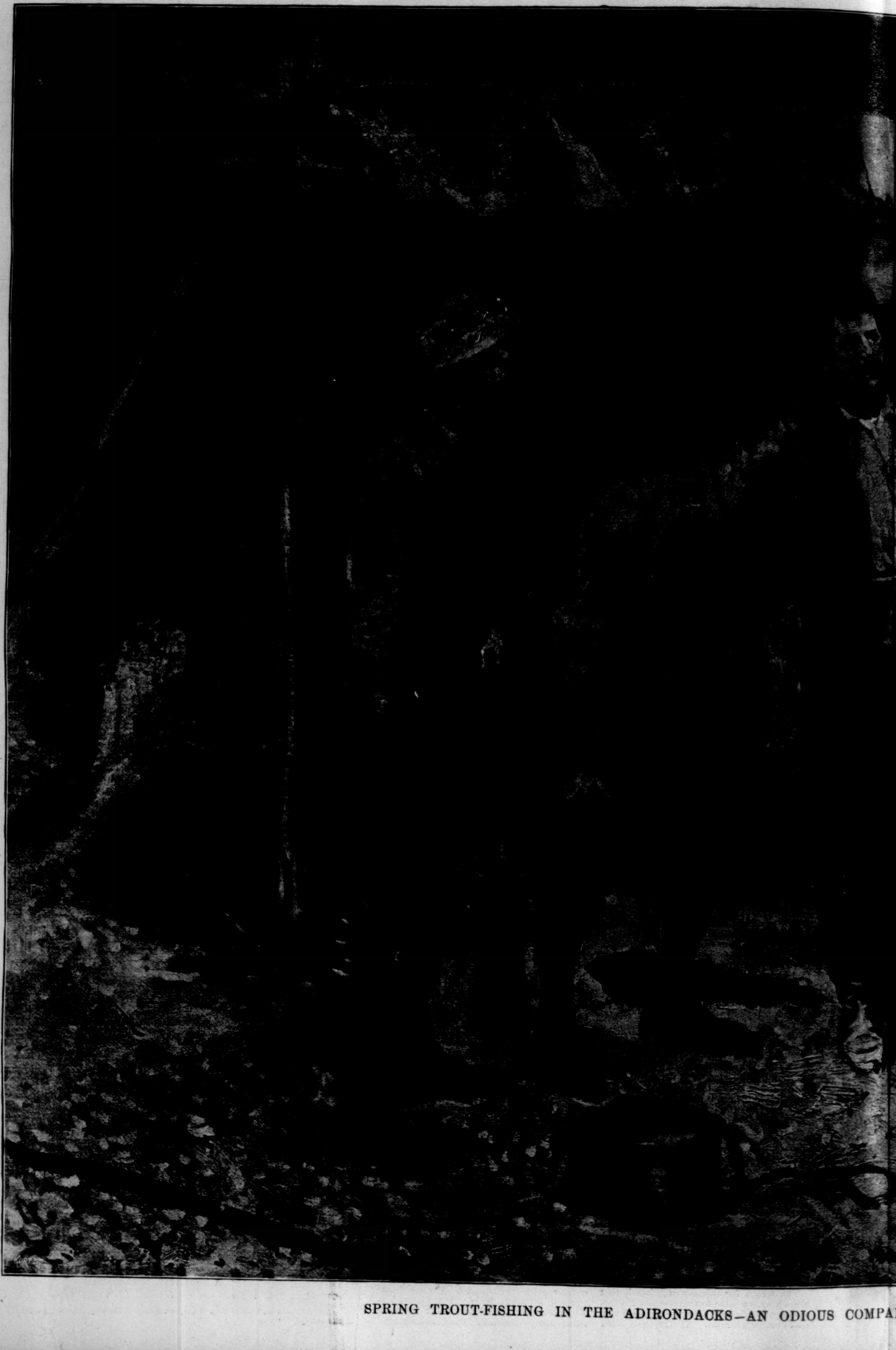
On the eventful day on which occurred the scene portrayed, breakfast over—for in the wilderness sensible men do not harass their guides before breakfast by other than necessary camp-work, of which there is always quite enough to do—the two gentlemen have separated, each, accompanied by his guide, embarking in his own canoe, to seek his fortune in a different locality. The day has been in all things propitious, and the trout have risen to the fly as though the height of their ambition was to die as blessed martyrs, and by their death attest the virtues of a seven-ounce rod and the special expertness in its use of him who wields it. Large trout, too, of a size known rather by local tradition than common experience, have fallen to the skill of both anglers. It is one of those rare occasions in life where gratified ambition does not suggest other and higher ambitions still unattained; where the pleasure of acquisition is unalloyed by thoughts of what may be still acquired.

They return to camp, each full of the idea of how he will surprise his friend, the guides fully as much interested in and fully as eager for the expected triumph as their employers. Each, confident in his fortunes, produces his fish for inspection. They average pretty much the same in size, nor is there material difference in number. An unusually large fish heads each display. One is a little longer, the other is the heavier built. Which is the larger? It is clear from his calm complacency that victory is with the stouter gentleman. The other accepts defeat with reluctance, and scans his rival's fish with the keenest scrutiny. Perhaps he is endeavoring to detect sharp practice, such as loading fish as one would load a gun, by forcing small stones down its throat—a trick sometimes employed in furtherance of a practical joke, or when competition is keen, and ambition is more potent than conscience.



A DECEITFUL SIGN-BOARD.

OWNER OF FISH POND (*to man who is trespassing*). "Don't you see that sign, 'No Fishing here'?"
ANGLER (*with an injured air*). "Yes, and I dispute it—why, there's good fishing here—look at this string."



SPRING TROUT-FISHING IN THE ADIRONDACKS—AN ODIOUS COMPA

PARISON OF WEIGHTS.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 403.]

THE ROMANCE OF A SPOON.

It was rumored that Miss Helen Maryland was to give a small and select dance very shortly—invitations to which, it was well understood, were most desirable. All social gatherings at the Marylands' were well attended, and young and old esteemed it a privilege to spend an evening beneath their hospitable roof-tree.

Mrs. Maryland was mistress of the art of entertaining, and her daughter Helen had inherited her mother's easy cordiality and pleasing manners, while her own sincerity and frank good-nature would doubtless have made her the general favorite that she was had her father's dollars been but few and her mother's delightful parties not at all; though who knows, popularity is such a very dependent sort of thing.

Information about the forth-coming dance, which would have very much surprised Miss Maryland herself, was rapidly circulated—by nobody in particular and everybody in general—while she sat intent upon the game of progressive euchre which was going on among the party of young people assembled in Mrs. Welsh's pretty drawing-room. Helen Maryland was in fact not aware that any one but her most intimate friend, Linda Walford, knew that she cherished the thought of shortly entertaining some of her friends, and her own ideas on the subject were decidedly indefinite. She might have ascertained, however, from bits of conversation floating about the room, that the dance was to be on such an evening, and at such a time; that the music was to be thus, and the supper so; and many other interesting items equally edifying, and of which she was blissfully ignorant.

At the head table George Marlowe and his friend Forrester Wells had arisen from their chairs, about to part company. George was going down to the foot table.

"Good-by, old fellow," he was just remarking. "I'll see you later in the evening."

"I say, who is the coming lady, George?" inquired his friend.

"Why, the very girl I told you was going to give a swell dance."

"Good! Introduce me—quick! before you go. My partner has gone to speak to Mrs. Welsh, and she always takes it for granted that every one knows every one else; and it is not the slightest use for me to hum and haw, and wink and shuffle the cards."

At this juncture Miss Maryland appeared upon the scene, and Marlowe hastily presented his friend, and departed.

Wells at once set about making himself as agreeable as possible, and he could be very agreeable when he chose. This evening kind fortune smiled upon him in the form of an immediate announcement of supper, for which he at once secured Miss Maryland as his partner.

"I have heard Mr. Marlowe speak of you so often that I feel as if we were almost old friends," he began, when they were snugly ensconced upon the stairs; "and," he added, "he promised to ask if he might bring me to call some time; but I am afraid he is not to be depended upon. I suspect he wants to monopolize you himself."

This was stretching the truth just a trifle, as Forrester had stoutly refused to make any calls whatsoever with his friend upon several occasions.

"I may get the better of him now," he added gayly, "if you will let me come on my own hook. I shan't depend upon him any more after this."

Helen found him very entertaining, and it was rather flattering to feel that she had really made such an impression upon George Marlowe's handsome friend. And so it happened that Forrester Wells received during the following week a dainty invitation to the Maryland mansion for Wednesday, the 27th.

"So much for making myself very agreeable," he remarked, with great satisfaction, to Marlowe.

"So much for having a large amount of cheek and unlimited assurance," promptly responded his friend.

Miss Maryland's cotillon—for such it resolved itself into—proved a great success. Music, floor, supper, and society, all of the best, and that kind of "best which is not the cheapest."

Forrester Wells meditated upon the golden opportunities which were often lost through short-sightedness, as he straightened his tie in the dressing-room, just before supper. He was always very particular about his neckties. Then he went down-stairs, and asked Miss Fanny Marlowe if he might have the pleasure of taking her out to supper. She was George's sister, and he offered this sacrifice upon the altar of his affection for George, as she was not generally considered very attractive.

There was some compensation offered, however, by the fact that he knew her so well, and she never cared for anything but a very little ice-cream (so different from George), and then she was quite willing to sit and talk to the next girl for an indefinite time, while he enjoyed himself elsewhere. It was, after all, really much better than taking one of the belles out to supper, he reflected, for they were apt to be very exacting, although there was always that certainty of plenty of other men coming up to talk and pass things when one wanted to go and get a few mouthfuls himself.

He now deliberately helped Miss Marlowe to ice-cream, a process rendered quite simple by the fact that all the others were intent upon getting salad and oysters. Then he tried to remember which she preferred, a spoon or a fork. He thought she preferred a spoon, but Miss Maryland was sitting beside her, and she would probably consider it more elegant to bring a fork, so he took both. Presenting the plate of ice-cream with one hand, while he held the other behind him, he inquired,

"Which will you have, a spoon or a fork?"

To which she replied, "A fork, if you please."

This he produced with a flourish. "See how I read your thoughts!" he exclaimed, deftly slipping the spoon into his coat-tail pocket, until he should have a chance to return it to the table.

Then he allowed his thoughts to turn in the direction of his own supper, which he modestly began with a few raw oysters, and the spoon was quite forgotten. Wholly unconscious of its existence, he was among the last to bid his hostess good-night; and thanking her for a most delightful evening, which had some time since ceased to be evening at all, he took his departure.

He set out briskly on his walk of a mile and a half home, there being no car at this time. He had certainly gone half a mile when a thought of the unlucky spoon presented itself, and he stopped as though he had received an electric shock. Here was a pretty how-d'ye-do! Going off with a silver spoon in his pocket. What a story for the fellows to get hold of! No danger of that, however; and he obeyed his first impulse to take it back at once by beginning to retrace his steps immediately. Probably some of the guests were still there. Almost always there were some intimate friends who staid to talk things over.

Here he began to run. What a fool he was to be so forgetful! Why hadn't he brought Miss Marlowe her ice-cream with a spoon in the first place, or a fork, instead of giving her a choice? So much for being over-polite. What should he say when he got back to the house? Why, that he had forgotten something, of course; left something in the dressing-room. Then only to rush upstairs, and leave the spoon anywhere—on the table or the bureau—where it would be easily found. No one would dream who had left it there. It was really very humiliating for a fellow like him, who prided himself upon always doing the correct thing, to carry off a silver spoon in his pocket, and yet he realized how inexpressibly funny it would have seemed if Marlowe had done it. What a very uninteresting girl Fanny Marlowe was! He could not understand how George could have such a stupid sister.

Yes, this was the house; but how changed! All the brilliant illuminations turned to darkness. Apparently every gas jet in the house extinguished save a faint glimmer upstairs. How could a half-hour or so have made such a difference? He had not dreamed that they would turn the lights out so soon. It was no use now to ring the bell, and he slowly turned upon his heel, and once more toward home, though in a frame of mind not the most amiable.

Mrs. Maryland was a thoroughly systematic house-keeper, and after any entertainment which she gave always took account of stock, so to speak. Being blessed with a long-trusted waitress, who each night locked up the silver and brought her the key of the safe, she gave herself no uneasiness in this direction. Jane, however, having been occupied until the last moment the previous evening, putting on wraps and overshoes for the young ladies, had entrusted this important mission to the parlor-maid, who had massed the silver together, and locked it up regardless of any sorting out whatever. So it happened that Mr. Maryland balanced his coffee-spoon in hand the next morning, and remarked that he had one of Great-grandmother Meade's best teaspoons. And so it came about that Mrs. Maryland herself sorted them out after breakfast, saying that she would put them in a separate drawer in the safe.

And then she suddenly discovered that one of them was missing. There were only eleven. Where was the twelfth? Those spoons were the apple of Mrs. Maryland's eye, with their antique handles and old-fashioned monogram. That spoon must be found. There was certainly great carelessness among the servants. Thereupon followed a tempestuous morning below stairs, with threats from the cook to leave at once, in spite of an impending dinner party that evening. It was very strange, but the spoon could not be found, and after a day or two the subject dropped, only to be revived by an occasional feeble joke on Mr. Maryland's part about Helen's friends admiring the pattern of the teaspoons.

When Forrester reached his room, he took out the spoon and scrutinized it. Yes, it was a very handsome one, probably some of the old family silver, and it would be missed at once. How would it do to send it right back by mail? That might be risky; things were so often lost in the mail. No; he would go around with it after his first lecture in the morning. He would make them an early call, and the whole thing would pass off as a good joke. Rather too good a joke probably, as Miss Maryland would enjoy telling the story to numerous friends, and when the fellows got hold of it, they would never let the thing rest; he wouldn't himself if Marlowe had done it.

He laid the spoon carefully upon a swinging shelf above his mantel, and then proceeded to retire, determined to solve the problem of how to return it most creditably in the morning.

When morning came, a loud knock rudely startled him from his slumbers, and before he could open his eyes, a telegram was thrust into his face. It was a despatch from his mother, announcing that his sister Margaret was very ill, and summoning him home at once. He had just time to dress and catch the next express westward, without even a thought of breakfast, only a hasty line scrawled to Marlowe, and left upon his table.

Marlowe roomed just across the hall from Wells, although it would have been hard to tell in which apartment he spent most of his time. On the following evening several congenial spirits were assembled in Marlowe's room to partake of a Welsh rarebit, the science of which he had mastered with an ease that did not characterize his treatment of the classics. His father, who could not seem to realize that a quarter of a century had elapsed since his own college days, regarded this fact as something almost disgraceful, which was more the pity, since Marlowe's understanding of Welsh rarebits had earned for him a wide-spread fame which years wasted upon the classics never would have brought him.

Marlowe presided over the blazer with all the dignity becoming so important a position. "Where's my spoon, Warner?" he exclaimed, casting his eyes over the necessary materials ranged about him on the table.

"I haven't got it," returned that worthy individual, who was devoutly kneeling before a small stove, in which gleamed a coal fire, with his entire attention concentrated upon a slice of toast which he held upon the end of a fork. "Do you think I'm toasting bread with a spoon, George? It is bad enough doing it with a fork minus a handle. You can have this now, if you like," he added, amiably, sliding off the last slice of toast, which had taken on a decidedly black tint during this conversation. "Here, Thompson," he concluded, tossing it across the room to him, "just scrape off this toast, will you, and make yourself useful while I find the master of ceremonies a spoon?"

This Thompson proceeded to do with his pocket-knife, resting the toast, meanwhile, on Marlowe's German dictionary, while the owner thereof soliloquised:

"It's very queer where my spoon has gone to. Perhaps you'll find it in Wells's room," he suggested, pausing with a slice of cheese in one hand, and an egg in the other. "Skip in there, Thompson, and see, will you?"

As Thompson disappeared, somebody inquired, "Where is Wells to-night?"

"He has gone home," responded Marlowe. "His sister is very sick, and they telegraphed for him this morning."

General expressions of sympathy were here interrupted by the return of Thompson, triumphantly waving a spoon in the air.

"Hello! that's not my spoon; mine is a bigger one," exclaimed Marlowe, taking it. "I never saw this before. Wells is going in for solid silver, and that's really a mighty pretty handle." With this he proceeded to the important business of making his Welsh rarebit a success.

A week later Marlowe was dining at the Marylands', being among the chosen few invited to meet a cousin who had come on from the West. The cotillon was several times referred to, and the cousin, next to whom he had the honor of being seated, turned to him, saying:

"I want you to tell me all about it, Mr. Marlowe. I am so disappointed that I did not come on in time for it." Marlowe proceeded to set it forth in glowing colors, ending off with a reference to "the most delightful supper."

"Yes," broke in Mr. Maryland, "and some of Helen's friends were so hungry that they began upon the spoons."

"Papa!" broke in Helen, reproachfully.

"Didn't they eat up one of Grandmother Meade's teaspoons?" he responded, laughing.

"What do you mean?" queried the cousin, who could never appreciate Mr. Maryland's jokes.

"Simply this," interposed Mrs. Maryland, with a sweet smile, which spoke to Mr. Maryland of disapproval, "one of the spoons disappeared that night—probably thrown away in clearing up. It was like this, you know," she added, taking up one from beside her dessert plate, "and, of course, we were sorry to have the set broken into; but we do not usually entertain our friends with details of this sort," she concluded, with a reproving glance at her husband. Then, with a view to changing the subject, she turned to Marlowe, saying: "We were very much pleased with your friend Mr. Wells the other night. He is a very interesting fellow, and I hope we shall see more of him."

What could have so disconcerted the usually self-possessed Marlowe? He seemed very much embarrassed about something, and sat with his eyes riveted upon his dessert-spoon, murmuring something about Wells's having gone home on account of sickness—a very simple statement, the utterance of which should not have given him any trouble. Miss Maryland glanced up at him in surprise. Was he jealous of his friend, or had he been quarrelling with him?

When he reached home that night, Marlowe hastily looked about him for something, which, not meeting his anxious gaze at once, he lighted all the gas-burners and looked again for, but without success. Then he crossed the hall, and lighted all the burners in the opposite room, and continued his search, but in vain. He was very cross, and turned things upsidedown, in a way which would have made the orderly Wells's hair stand upon end could he have looked in upon the scene, and had his hair not already been in an upright position. Next, leaving both doors open, he strode down the hall, and thumped upon a door at the farther end.

"What's the matter?" responded a sleepy voice from within.

"I want to see you. Open the door, will you, Thompson?"

"Is that you, Marlowe? What do you want at this time of night?"

"I want to see you, old man. Open the door, sleepy-head."

With an audible groan, the door was unlocked, and Thompson bounced into bed again. Marlowe walked in and lighted the gas.

"Oh, turn that down, I say; you're blinding me," exclaimed the victim, burying his head in the pillow. "Can't you talk to me without such an illumination?"

"Thompson," began his persecutor, seating himself decidedly on the foot of the bed, "what did we do with that confounded spoon that last night I made the Welsh rarebit?"

"What!" exclaimed the victim, actually becoming wide-awake with astonishment. "Is that what you waked me up for, to find you an old spoon? Clear out with your old Welsh rarebits." And Thompson prepared to launch his pillow at the delinquent's head.

"Oh, I say, be reasonable, old fellow!" his friend remarked, soberly. "I want to talk to you. I tell you it's not late. You must have turned in right after dinner."

"Nonsense!" said Thompson, reaching over to his vest for his watch. "It's half past twelve, and I've an examination early. But fire away, and have it over with. The spoon was by way of introduction, I suppose. Speaking of spoons, is she dark or light, tall or short? I'm listening."

"Oh, hush up, Thompson! It's nothing of the sort. Do you think I've waked you up to talk nonsense of that kind?"

"Well, you have before. Only week before last you kept me awake for hours telling me that her eyes were perfectly wonderful, and her hair was—"

"Will you keep quiet, and let me talk, if you are so sleepy?"

"Yes, I will. But you need not call me sleepy now. You've spoiled my best nap, and I shall probably stay awake the rest of the night."

Having reduced Thompson to a submissive mood, Marlowe began his recital. When he had finished, silence reigned for a few moments. Then Thompson ventured,

"Are you certain that spoon had the same pattern on it?"

"I'm almost positive; but I want to make sure, and I can't find the spoon. I thought that perhaps you had borrowed it."

"No, indeed. I haven't seen it since that night."

"And that was the very next night after the Marylands' party," mused Marlowe. "Still I can't imagine any fellow putting up a joke of that sort on people he scarcely knew. It's not a bit like Wells, but it is the strangest thing I ever heard of, and something that no gentleman could do. Yet if he did, think how I feel to have been the one to introduce him and answer for him, and I would certainly have answered for him anywhere!"

"When it came across me at dinner it almost choked me to think that I had been deceived all this time, and that Forrester was not the fellow that I took him for. It was such an unmistakable pattern, you know. I never saw anything like it. I don't believe I could forgive him for a joke of that sort."

"Perhaps some other fellow put it in his pocket for a joke on him," suggested Thompson.

Marlowe shook his head, mournfully. "That's not very likely. No, Forrester has always had a craze for collecting trophies of every kind, and this only shows that he has not the taste to put a limit to that sort of thing. And now," he concluded, despairingly, "where has the spoon gone? Good-night, Thompson," and putting out the light, his friend banged the door and departed without further ceremony to his own room, where, before retiring, he spent some time longer in thoroughly turning things upside-down in a vain search for the missing spoon.

Thompson was calmly disposing of ham and eggs the next morning, when Warner, who occupied a seat beside him at table, came in.

"Why didn't you come up to my room last night?" he began. "We had a rarebit that knocked Marlowe's into the middle of next week."

"I wanted a little sleep last night," replied Thompson, helping himself to a third egg.

"I stopped for Marlowe, too," continued Warner; "but he had gone out to dinner, so I borrowed his spoon, and— What are you choking about?"

"Over excitement at hearing you tell such interesting details, Warner. By-the-way, Marlowe waked me up at midnight looking for that spoon."

"Is that so? Well, I never saw a fellow who could take as many Welsh rarebits as he can. Has he been in to breakfast yet? I brought this spoon down in my pocket to return to him," he continued, producing it. "So I hope he'll appear before I have to skip."

"I'll see that it is returned," Thompson volunteered, quite eagerly.

"All right; much obliged." And Warner, having swallowed the remainder of his coffee, rushed away, leaving his friend, who never hurried his breakfast, to finish that repast in peace.

"Yes, I'll return it," mused Thompson. "But," he concluded, a bright thought suddenly striking him, "not to Marlowe—no, not to Marlowe."

And so it came about that soon after breakfast he might have been seen directing a small, neat bundle, with which he entered the post-office a little later, wearing the same mischievous smile which usually illuminated his comely face.

Forrester Wells returned the next afternoon in high spirits, having left his sister on the fair road to recovery. His time at home had been so fully occupied that no ghost of the silver spoon had troubled him until it recurred to his mind as he opened the door of his own room once more. He put down his bag, and looked about. "George has been arranging things here," he commented, mentally; then he reached up to the swinging shelf for the spoon. It was gone. In vain he looked everywhere about the room; it was not to be found.

While he was still occupied in this way Marlowe appeared, and he called out, gayly, "Hollo, George; here I am again!"

"So I see," remarked his friend, without his usual enthusiasm. "How is your sister?"

"Oh, much better. By-the-way, did you see a silver spoon around here after I left?"

Marlowe eyed him sternly before responding. "Yes, I think I did see one here. Where did it come from?"

Wells resisted his first inclination to explain the full particulars, and replied, carelessly: "Oh, I picked it up somewhere. It is a very convenient thing to have about, you know. It was a pretty one, with a fancy handle."

"Not the kind that you pick up in the street, eh?" put in George, scornfully.

"I hope that no one has walked off with it," continued Wells, without noticing the other's tones. "It was an old-fashioned one, and I couldn't get another like it, you know."

"Not where you got that one," broke out Marlowe, with such vehemence that his friend suddenly turned and faced him in astonishment.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Just what I say," returned the other, excitedly. "I never believed you capable of such a thing. I thought that you were a very different sort of fellow. Oh, Forrester, how could you? Is it a joke to carry off silver from a house where you are being entertained for the first time? That would be disgraceful enough; but if, still worse, you are merely pursuing a craze for trophies to be satisfied at any cost, please remember that when I present you to my friends, I hold myself responsible for your ungentlemanly conduct."

During this outburst Forrester's face was an interesting study of rapidly changing expression. First of complete astonishment and surprise, followed by incredulity; and then grieved amazement, as his friend's suspicions dawned upon him, and ending in a flash of haughty anger at the close.

As Marlowe paused, he strode to the door and threw it open. "You have said enough to convince me of your friendship," he exclaimed. "Now, be kind enough to go."

Beneath his clear, penetrating glance, Marlowe's suspicions melted away, leaving him most penitent for his hasty words, and only desirous to atone for the injustice which they had expressed.

"Indeed, I shall not go until everything is explained. Forgive me, Forrester, for doubting you. I know that you are and always have been the soul of honor. When you hear my side of the story, you will see that there is some excuse for me."

Forrester's anger gradually subsided under this earnest appeal. "First," he said, "you must hear my terrible confession of guilt." And he briefly recounted his experience, and his vain attempt to return the spoon that night. "And, of course, you know that I was telegraphed for the next morning," he concluded.

George, who was by this time contrition itself, then told his story. How he borrowed the spoon; all about the dinner party; when he had seen the spoons just like it; and last, and worst, how the spoon could not be found. Forrester whistled thoughtfully.

"I am responsible for it," Marlowe insisted. "I borrowed it, and I shall go and explain to the Marylands all about it, and see if I can't have another one made like it."

"Nonsense!" replied his friend; "you shall do nothing of the kind, and I believe we shall find the spoon yet. Suppose we go into your room, and have one more thorough search?"

With this the two friends went manfully to work. Forrester carefully turned over, scrutinized, lifted up, and shook everything; while George kicked things over, emptied out drawers, and never paused in his mad career until the room looked as if it had been suddenly struck by a cyclone. Every now and then one of them remarked, "Oh! here is that match-safe you lost so long ago"; or, "I've just found that pearl scarf-pin of mine."

George finished up by emptying the contents of all his bureau drawers upon the bed, where collars and handkerchiefs, neckties, cigarettes, and stockings, tennis caps and scarf-pins all mingled in glorious confusion.

"What did you do that for?" remonstrated Forrester. "I had just looked carefully through all those drawers, and now you've mixed things up finely."

"Oh, that's all right!" exclaimed George, cheerfully. "I just like to make sure, you know. It is the strangest thing where that spoon went to," he added, inspecting the coal-hod. "I declare, I've looked in every place I can think of, and found everything else that I ever lost, and I'm afraid we shall have to give it up."

It was with a step less elastic than usual that Forrester Wells mounted the Marylands' steps late that afternoon, while George Marlowe, by his side, assumed an air of extreme gayety, which nevertheless failed to disguise the fact that he was just a little nervous and uncomfortable; the whole affair seemed so ridiculous and unnecessary, and so strongly recalled his very juvenile days when his father made him ring the gentleman's door-bell, and tell him that he had broken his window, but would be most happy to pay for it.

Miss Maryland was at home and welcomed them most cordially. They talked on all imaginable subjects, from music to foot-ball, none of which seemed to lead toward the subject which both young men were so anxious to introduce, not too abruptly, but in an easy and off-hand way.

Wells was cudgelling his brains for just the right sort of introduction, though it seemed to Marlowe that he had forgotten all about the spoon, and was going to talk on forever about some canoeing trip that he took the previous summer. Marlowe himself grew so abstracted as to actually jump when Miss Maryland unexpectedly addressed a remark to him. Why under the sun doesn't Wells begin about that spoon? he was mentally ejaculating, when his attention was arrested by a portion of Miss Maryland's conversation.

"It was really very singular, and quite like something you read of in stories," she was saying. "You may remember, Mr. Marlowe, that we told you about a missing teaspoon that disappeared the night of the cotillon?"

"Why, yes," murmured Marlowe, faintly.

"Well," she continued, "do you know, it came back to us through the mail this very morning? It is the most mysterious thing I ever heard of, and we have racked our brains in vain for a solution of the problem. Now, Mr. Wells, I am anxious to hear your theory on the subject?"

Wells, who had hitherto been unusually quiet, found his animation suddenly returning. "How very interesting!" he exclaimed; "and how much more delightful not to solve the mystery! Mysteries are apt to prove so very prosaic when some one steps in and explains them, spoiling the story and taking away the romance. Come, Marlowe, we must be going. If we stay any longer, Miss Maryland will never want to see us again."

When the door closed behind them, Wells restrained his wild desire to execute an Indian war-dance on the sidewalk, while Marlowe could not find words to express his satisfaction and delight at the turn affairs had taken. "I'll wager that Thompson will tell me something about that spoon when I see him," he broke forth.

"Since I know that it's returned, I don't care a rap how it got there," gayly responded Wells. "There was something really providential in our beating about the bush all that time before we introduced the weighty subject. George, old man, I tell you it pays to own up like a gentleman. Be good, and you'll be happy, even if your friends don't have a first-rate time in consequence."

"Forrester," exclaimed his friend, putting his hand impressively on his arm, "you not only possess most unlimited cheek, as I've told you before, but you have more confounded luck than any fellow I ever saw."

CAROLINE TICKNOR.

THE RENAISSANCE OF AN OLD CITY.

If the plan for a great South-American railway system, having its northern terminus at Cartagena and its southern one at Buenos Ayres, ever, in the mistiness of things to come, grows to a reality, it will revive the life of one of the most interesting and romantic cities on the continent. Charles V. one night looked westward at sunset from his palace windows.

"What seeks your Majesty to see?" asked a courtier of an inquiring turn of mind.

"Those walls of Cartagena," replied the great king. "They have cost so much money that I am sure they are of gold, and will reflect the setting sun."

Those same walls for whose glitter Charles watched across the Spanish hills still encircle the ancient city, and against them for over three centuries has beaten again and again the waves of battle. Cartagena was the metropolis of South America, and here were the great storehouses where were collected those stores of precious metals which made it possible for the returned adventurer from the western world to enter Madrid with trains of mules shod with silver, and bearing panniers laden with gold.

The treasure-houses are empty and deserted now; the glory of Cartagena has departed, and its former population of 25,000 has dwindled to a population of 9000. In its narrow streets lean and hungry dogs and despondent-looking burros dispute the right of way with the languid citizens, who occupy the great, mouldering stone houses, whose paved floors once resounded to the tread of Spanish cavaliers and hidalgos. Outside the great walls of the city stretches away to the south the great bay, with a series of islands dividing it from the ocean. Here fleets of galleons used to lie at anchor, and if the railway project is carried through, here will be abundant anchorage room for merchant navies. Nature provided two entrances to this bay—the Boca Grande and the Boca Chica. Now only the latter entrance exists, for in the days of the buccaneers their ill-omened vessels so frequently came swooping through the Boca Grande to pillage and destroy that it was rendered unnavigable by the sinking of obstructions across the entrance. At the narrow entrance of the Boca Chica a great fort of masonry frowns on either side. Defying storm and battle and time and change, these two great forts, with their walls in some places sixty feet thick, stand to-day the finest specimens of sea-coast forts of their type and day in the world. But before the Boca Grande was closed up, how the buccaneers did pour themselves upon the golden city, and how often the flaunting of the "jolly roger" in the offing called the garrison to arms! Sometimes the rovers took the city too; and in all the annals of piracy there is no more thrilling story than that of the day when they descended in force upon the place, and accomplished that sacking of Cartagena, the story of which gleams lurid from buccaneering annals.

In the cathedral of Cartagena is a beautiful white marble pulpit of Carrara marble. It was sent by the pope as a present to a church in Mexico, but the ship on which it was sent was captured by the buccaneers, and the pulpit found a lodging-place in the hold of the piratical vessel. The pirates then set sail for Cartagena, and obtaining considerable booty, and having no especial use for a pulpit, they left it behind when they sailed away.

After days of the pirates came Sir Francis Drake and old Dundonald, and then independence for Colombia, and revolutions and wars to shake the city. At one time Cartagena formed herself into a short-lived nation all by herself, and it was under a commission from this government that the celebrated Lafitte, indignantly repudiating the term of pirate, always claimed to be sailing.

The last time that the walls of Cartagena were called upon to withstand the waves of war was in 1885. The greatest, and it is hoped the last of those revolutions which have so retarded the progress of the United States of Colombia, was in progress. The city had been besieged for months, and the inhabitants were starving. Cats and dogs and handfuls of rice were their only means of sustaining life. Still they held out, with a revival of that fortitude which had characterized their ancestors in the old day.

The success of the rebellion depended on the capture of Cartagena. At midnight on May 7th, General Gitan, who commanded the rebel forces, led two thousand men in an assault on the walls, while from his fleet drawn up before the town and from the fortified hill of San Phillipe and the neighboring mountain of La Popa a storm of shot and shell was poured into the city. The attack failed, and the attacking party, being caught by an enfilading fire, lost eight hundred men in a fifteen minutes' attempt to carry the southwest bastion. The story of Cartagena might be expanded to volumes. Every street has its history, every house its legend. "The old order changeth, giving place to new," and it is within the limits of possibility that the treasure city of Charles and Philip may become a great commercial centre.

THE SONG OF THE WORLD.

At the foot of the Caucasus tipped with snows,
Through the Cossacks' valley the Terek flows,
And the Cossack on guard at the water's edge,
As he watches each shadow of bush and sedge,
Sings to himself a sweet love song,
"*Douchinka, douchinka,*
The night is long.
But my eye is bright, and my rifle light,
And I wait for the day that follows night."

Where the rippling Po through the valley wends,
And the earth with the sea in harmony blends;
Where life is in living, and love never old,
The shepherd keeps watch o'er the straggling fold,
And sings, with the touch of a sigh,
"*Anima mia,*
Bright is thine eye.
I long for the time when the church bells' chime
Shall echo for thee like thy lover's rhyme."

The wild billows break o'er the rock-sheltered coast,
The spray in the moonlight is faint as a ghost,
And the Brittany fisher before his shrine bows
In prayer for his love, and a candle he vows,
And whispers in solemn refrain
"*Bien aimée*
I come again."
The gulls sweeping by hear the lover's cry
And the winds call back the words with a sigh.

Through the Roman valley, by Caucasus snows,
By the Icelandic shores the melody flows;
It is ever the same that the lover sings;
He is lost to the world and to mundane things.
While wonderful visions are wrought,
"O Soul of mine,
Thou art my thought!"
The days come and go, Time's sands slowly flow,
But the Love that is planted forever will grow.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE STORY OF A PRODUCTION.

BY RICHARD MANSFIELD.

Fagged out by a season of hard work, I had gone to Bournemouth to regain my strength and health, and to find vigor to commence a new attack upon the bulwarks of popular favor. I took with me the half-formulated plans and ideas of a regenerated *Richard III.*, and a production of the play which should be thoroughly sound without being ostentatious.

I found Bournemouth a much over-rated sanitarium. Pine-trees had been the principal inducement—and pine-trees there were, but few and far between; nor had they any of the fine resinous and pungent perfume which invigorates the vocal chords and soothes and heals the mind. The weather was damp and foggy, the people stiff and stupid. Occasionally somebody would intone the first notes of a song, but the voice died away in a gurgle, and all that remained was a distant echo and the creak of chairs as people turned with an air of gentle reproach. I once, and only once, raised my voice in conversation, and then fled with precipitancy to my room, and bolted the door. My chief and only pleasure was found in the companionship of an old Welsh mare; barring a corn on the off forefoot, a sound and noble specimen of the good old English cob.

Rain or shine I mounted this tawny-colored steed, and trotted toward Christchurch. After all, there is no road like an English road, and no lane like an English lane; and if at the end of it there be a ruined abbey, a quaint old hostelry, and the downs stretching along the sea line as far as a keen eye can reach, there may be hope for enjoyment.

I never ask my way, or inquire regarding sights—sight-seeing in itself is my abomination—so I came upon Christchurch one fine morning in a hap-hazard sort of manner, and rode into the old cobblestone street, and passed the ivy-grown abbey without a suspicion as to where I might be. It was fine—that was all. I liked it; it was a place for the painter. I saw an inn, and, as is usual, by its side a stable, and I was back again with Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller in a moment. My crop was on my hip as I rode through the gate and gave the call for the 'ostler; and when he came limping out, he was the same old 'ostler, lame from a kick, with the same red hair and the same knowing eye, and the same touch of his forelock, and with the same old, very old striped waistcoat. If anybody else had come forward, looking in anyway different, I should have awoke and fallen off my cob; it wasn't in the nature of things to expect anybody else, and nobody else came. We had never met; but the man knew me, and I knew him. "Oats!" I said; and he touched his greasy cricket cap, threw the reins over his arm, and as I moved up the steps to the side entrance of the house, the broad hind quarters of the mare disappeared behind the stable door—not, however, without one hind hoof slipping a little on a stone.

I knew where the coffee-room was, and knew I'd find a good fire. I knew that if I pulled a rope by the mantel-shelf I should hear the sound of a bell clanging through the house. I knew that a more or less good-looking girl would answer the summons. Here my first doubt set in—she might be good-looking, and she might not. I did not desire to have my senses in any way shocked by the sight of an ill-looking person. I was in too soothed and comfortable a frame of mind. She came, I knew it, although I was hanging over the fire with one spurred boot on the fender. I waited a while in order to nerve myself for the shock; then I turned. I was very grateful; she was well-favored. We, too, had encountered one another before. It required no introduction. I had chucked her under the chin in every part of England, and she expected it just as much as she expected the shilling, and I expected her to say, "Lor', sir!" Some bread and cheese and a pint of ale—old ale. There *is* some old ale here, I know it, as mild as milk and as powerful as Hennessey.

It rained, it pattered on the window-pane, and the room became darker and the fire more cheerful. I lolled in the shiny brown chair, threw my head far back, and there was shortly a fragrance of tobacco smoke. I knew there was a very old man in the house, who had lived here for generations, and in due time he entered. He was part of it all, so was the rain, and the mare in the stable scrunching her corn, and the hostler "shshing" as he rubbed down a horse by the door, and the yellow-white Scotch whiskey, too, in the short, round tumbler, with a foot to it, by the host's elbow. He droned about crops and visitors and the season and the curate (he knew I knew them all). "Salmon was coming in fine." "I'd better stay and have a slice crimped." I shook myself, went out and looked at the weather, got on to my cob and rode home thinking; but I was away back all the time in the forties and—how perfectly contented! I rode out that way every day, and never sought for anything different; it satisfied me, sometimes with a wild gallop on the downs and a jump or two over a low hedge.

I had mapped out everything before I left London for Bournemouth. Back in the old days, when I led a from-hand-to-mouth existence much more delightful than anything I have since experienced, my occupations, of which I had a few, threw me into the society of painters. I am bound to confess it was no fault of their doing; I was simply

thrown amongst them, and they gently refrained from throwing me back again, Heaven knows where to, and I have entertained a kindly feeling and a sort of hankering after them and their likes ever since. They have remembered me, too, kindly, through no fault of mine, but simply out of their gentleness. When I voyaged to London recently to play, with all that assurance which is bred of ignorance, in a large theatre there, the painter of the "Derby Day," whom all men know is Frith, wrote to inquire if I by chance be the same man who painted pictures awhile back in London? I made answer that I presumed he meant myself, and was much flattered that I should be remembered by him. Whereupon he came to see me, and said he was glad I had relinquished the profession of a painter, although I had some fine streak of merit in me at that, like Somersetshire bacon.

Probably the man I remembered best of all in studios was Seymour Lucas,* for cause that he had one day offered to pledge his only table ornament, a silver cup, to relieve my necessities; and I would have done the same by him, even to my evening boots built of fine patent-leather, with silk bows very near the toes to make the feet appear small. It was, then, to Seymour Lucas I applied for direction in the matter of a historical production of *King Richard III.*; and the man was very deep in his element at once. There should be real armor. If we could not obtain the armor from the Tower of London, at least it should so closely resemble it that no man should tell them apart. It was proposed to reproduce upon the stage, with absolute fidelity and observance of detail, the costumes of that period, and all the manners and dresses, the architecture and household furniture, as a correct accompaniment to the speech of Shakespeare. Colley Cibber was to be entirely discarded, and Shakespeare enthroned once more.

Lucas was busy making designs; Mrs. Lucas was helping him and me with all the gracious kindness in the world; orders were issued to dress-makers and boot-makers; armorers were at work, and scenic artists. These things were all moving. I had arranged a version of the play. The supers were being drilled in the art of ancient warfare by Captain Edgerton Castle. I could go to Bournemouth, study, receive communications and reports, and issue instructions. The greater part of the work had been done. The plans had been laid for the building of the ship; let it be built. I would study and rest. German† travelled down to me to talk about the music; and I hired a piano, and with locked doors we strumped and hummed and whistled and sang until that portion of the idea had taken form. In the mean while I was making up my mind more and more every day, either on the downs or in the coffee-room at Christchurch, as to what sort of man Richard o' Gloster was; and *now* no one can make me think he was otherwise than I am when I wear his coat and cap. You may not like him, but he is a "being," which is more than the ranting, raving, sulky monstrosity you have been accustomed to was.

It was with something akin to a wrench that I left the sleepy Bournemouth and returned to London. I found everything going well. All seemed easy now, for in the country each movement of king, queen, or pawn had passed in my mind. I knew where every one should go, where every one should work. I had fought the battle over a hundred times. When Catesby appears to Richard after his evil dream, I had mistaken him for another phantom, and thrown my sword away and crossed myself, and touched him and found him human, and thrown mine arms about him in an ecstasy of relief a thousand times in the parlor of Christchurch, with the mare chewing the oats and the sun glinting in through the wire blinds of the window. I go over these things always in my imagination in everything I play. I act them out and see myself doing them just as fully as if I actually moved my body and wagged my tongue. It was a *pleasure* to handle the men Captain Edgerton Castle‡ had gotten together. Soldiers all, I think, of a regiment of Grenadier Guards.

The supers, too, were excellent, obedient and attentive and silent, with no tobacco-chewing propensities, or dependent independence, or hangdog, sulky insolence and muttered asides, as we find them here sometimes. The actors, too, all willing and obliging, which much changes after a season in this country. The scenes will not be ready until the last moment, but as I have made the sketches for nearly all of them myself, they are as good as built upon the stage; I can see them well in my mind's eye, and can arrange my people accordingly. My stage manager, Norman, writes down everything as it occurs to me. He is a man well able to carry out obediently instructions, albeit he has a small fault of extravagance, and does not bargain over prices with workmen as "He" should and "I" cannot. Some difficulty with old and experienced actors, notably one, who is an elderly man of fine presence and great volubility, but much hesitation in learning correctly the words, and the bad fault of discussion and argument in preference to passive obedience. One ancient mariner, who has sailed the very stormy theatrical ocean for fifty years and shouted himself hoarse, at the very first rehearsal gives a capital example of the old-time player, who impressed the groundlings with noisy, inarticulate, and unmeaning sound and superabundant action, and being called upon for a simple and gentle delivery, vehemently throws his book upon the stage, and struts out to walk in the Strand and button-hole acquaintances upon the outrageous arrogance of mushroom actors. We practise the fight diligently, and I visit, with Edgerton Castle, the fencing club, and indulge in ancient modes of warfare with sword and buckler, very unlike the bodkin encounters to which we have been accustomed.

* Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., historical painter.
† Edward German, the musician.
‡ Edgerton Castle, F.S.A.

There is as much delight in producing a play as in building a great house with many rooms in it of original design and adornment. The first scene is complete, being the Tower of London. It strikes me as splendid. I trust others will be of my opinion. We call for calciums, and throw lights upon it. Shall it be seen in the broad glare of day, or by evening, or by night? Both Lucas and I decide upon early morning—that pale white light that gives atmosphere and mystery, and lifts the towers higher, throws deeper shadows into angles, and helps the eye to imagine the black waters of the moat, the grim teeth of the portcullis, the little door in the warden's tower, and walls and yards, draw-bridge and battlements—real, all real. It is a delight. I revel in it. I mean to show in the next scene the room in which Henry VI. lost his life. The bed in the recess, with the motto, "Jamais," above and below, in golden letters on the deep scarlet velvet; a little window at the back of the bed, with a feeble ray of light straggling through on to the King's book; the oratory, with a large stained-glass window and the prie dieu and crucifix, and an ancient lamp flickering above; an all-prevailing idea of gloom and approaching horror; the rude table and settles, and the fire burning dimly in the vast chimney cave; the groined roof and pillared walls' rough stone; the floor of flag. I intend to contrast this dark picture with one of dancing life and light: the road to Chertsey, the flowers all abloom, the fields intersected by hedges white with May-blossom, a bank where the silver-birch bend their graceful limbs over tangled grass and fern that hint of hidden violets and primroses, and the bold brush flashing a patch of brilliant yellow here and there. This in the middle distance: the fields stretching back in the blue summer haze to the roofs and towers of old London in the background. Further forward a farm-house, with straw-thatched roof, green with lichen and ivy, as is the broken wall in the near foreground, a carpet of grass at its foot and another birch nestling up against its back, buttercups and daisies growing at its foot, and the deep-rutted road winding across between farm-house on the right and cottage on the left. All shall be brilliant with an atmosphere that vibrates in the summer sunshine, and makes you long to lie back on the grass, and hark for the note of the lark out of sight up in the gray-blue. I am wondering all the while whether anybody else feels all this—perceives it and likes it—or whether I only imagine the suggestion is there, when it is not.

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS RICHARD THE THIRD.

I know very well that I often wonder people do not comprehend what I wish to convey to them without long explanations, and perhaps it's the same with my stage pictures. I generally understand what people are going to say when they *commence* speaking, and in most cases I find listening exceedingly tedious; but I always *do* listen, if I can afford the time, because I have learned how much pleasure they derive from talking. I fear I myself am wandering away a little with exuberant verbosity. The "Crosby Hall" scene and that of the throne-room are largely intrusted to Telbin and Hahn, with the advice of Seymour Lucas and Blomfield, although I am opposed to Mr. Blomfield's suggestion that the balcony (from which Gloster is seen, prayer-book in hand) should be to the left, holding strongly for a musician's gallery at the back. I gave way, however, to the superior judgment of Blomfield.

I am not as deeply interested in these interiors as I am in Richard's camp, the sanctuary of Westminster, and the scene of the battle. Especially shall the camp by night be a departure from accepted and traditional handling. I have long thought of this, and discussed it. I can only see it in one way, and thus others shall behold it. The tent on the extreme left (not occupying the entire stage), a low-lying, bleak country, broken here and there by storm-torn willow and pools fringed with reeds, visited by the drifting clouds and the uncertain moon, the brown tents in the dip of the land, and the glow of the red camp fires here and there; far beyond, the watch-fires of Richmond's army by the line of indigo hills, and over their brow the lingering remembrance of the sun that has set in a long pale yellow ribbon of light that quivers and waves with summer lightning on the horizon. All to deepen to utter blackness as Richard seeks his couch. Richard to be discovered, when the curtain rises, seated by the camp fire on the stump of a tree, lost in thought, moody, and pregnant with the ill omen of the hour as the scene and the very air. (I should have liked some ravens perched upon the bough of the willow.) Around the fire, motionless, the figures of some knights, armed cap-a-pie, and the fire-light caressing the burnished steel. The "hum of either army" and "the clink of hammer closing rivets up gives dreadful note of preparation." It seems to me, when all this is done, nothing can be more perfect, but it may not thus impress others. The great day of trial is approaching. I sleep little, and eat less. I shall be weak and tired. My voice is hoarse, and becoming more so every day, shouting directions, talking with much anxiety from morning until night

The excitement of a first night is actual suffering; the nervousness absolute torture. Yet as I walk down the Strand on my way to the theatre that night and note the impassive, imperturbable faces of the passers-by, I must confess to myself that I would not change places with them—no, not for worlds. I have something that is filling my life brimful of interest; every nerve is dancing, every muscle quivering. It's like a battle. I shall win or die. I'm in my dressing-room at last, and at last it's the first night of tragedy. My first night of tragedy! I begin to realize it all at once. It comes upon me with the most stunning force. I do not believe I have thought of it before. I'm afraid my servant, my devoted John Metzger, will see my hand tremble as I draw the lines under my eyes. I have donned my first dress. I am ready. Lucas has been to see me. He says I look look like the pictures of Richard. That is well. There is an uproar in the house. Hark! they are shrieking and yelling. John is in a ferment of terror, and says, in his broken accent, that "they vas wrecking the house." I wonder what it is all about. Presently the news comes. First one and then another pale-faced emissary. Somebody has blundered. Men have been allowed to take places in the pit before the doors were regularly and properly opened.

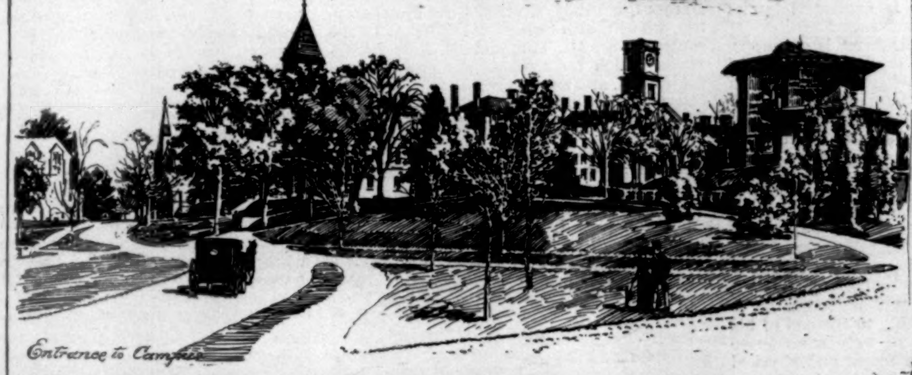
Augustus Harris comes panting and very red, "You must go out and speak to them." Lucas, Castle, and Walter Pollock* stand friendly and anxious in the door. I have become calm. I have drawn up another chair, and I am resting my legs on it. "Augustus," I said to Harris, "you are very popular. Go, speak to them for me." He went, but did not speak, and the uproar became greater and greater, and still I sat quietly in my room. Somehow or other all this did not seem to concern me. It was not in any way part or parcel of my production of *King Richard III.* It was there all ready for them, I reflected, and if they did not wish to see it, well and good. I was sure that I should not raise the curtain nor my voice until they were silent and attentive. I think my stage manager harangued them to little purpose, and the curtain rose on the first scene. I do not know how it came about. I think the demons felt somehow or other that it was beautiful. *I* always say it awed them into silence. At all events, they were very still. They could not hiss their own dear old Tower of London, standing there so grim and majestic in the twilight—the bells tolling, and the guards slowly patrolling the court before the warden's gate. Elizabeth, attended by her train, had passed across the drawbridge. The moment had come. I opened the little door in the tower and stepped out. I was quite calm. A great storm of applause swept over me, and I looked at the house. The storm came rushing at me again and again, and still again. It seemed as if it would never tire, and I wished so that it would, for it was beating me down surer than cudgels and hard words could have done; and I felt the fatal lump rising in my throat, and the quiver of my underlip. (I have never been able to overcome certain traits of my childhood. I am as easily moved to laughter and tears, to anger and to sympathy, as I was then, and beyond a certain amount of added knowledge, I feel just as I did then. I run, jump, eat, sleep, and comport myself in most ways as I did when I was a boy.) The silence, the interest in the play throughout were remarkable, and the scenes which seemed to please the most were the wooing of Lady Anne, the rejection of the crown, the dismissal of Buckingham, the dream scene, and the battle; but I will not weary you. The ship had been well and safely launched. Would she float?

* Walter Herries Pollock, M.A., editor of *The Saturday Review*.

Pratt Gymnasium.

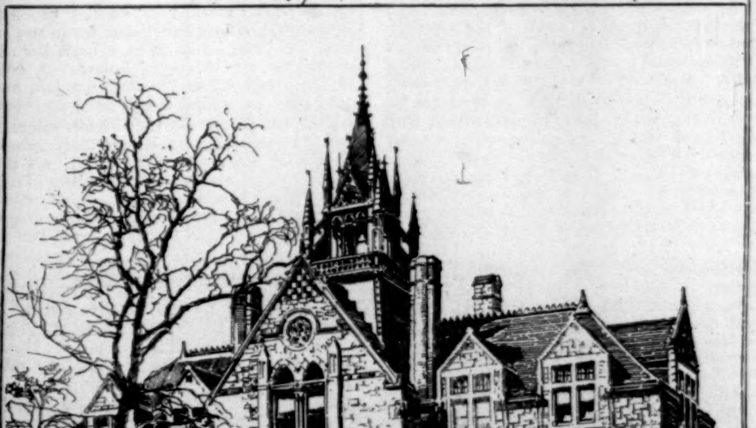
Pres. Julius H. Seelye, LL.D.

President's House. The Library. College Hall.


Entrance to Campus.

Stearns Chapel.

Art Gallery.


Walker Hall.

AMHERST COLLEGE, AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 410.]

"O SHY, WILD THRONG!"

The sweetest things in all this wide-sunned earth
Are shyest of beholders, and do hide
In woody hollows or in pastures wide,
Till ne'er in stilly places is there dearth
Of cinque-foil blossoms or of thrush's song.
Heed how that silver-throated bird of June,
Whose chime on chime down-falling seems attune
With its own birth month, builds amid the throng
Of clover blossoms, and thus shields its nest
In sweet-breathed forests, dim and cool with rain.
No golden cage may know a wild bird's strain,
In fencèd garden will no wood flower rest.
Hide an' ye will it so, O shy, wild throng!
A sweet-blown breath is with us, and a song.

Lucy E. Tilley.

AMHERST COLLEGE.

The approach to the town of Amherst from Northampton, from Palmer, or from the new railroad route which makes a direct connection with Boston, is through a section of country that gives no indication of the higher interests that the town has served for nearly seventy years. Central Massachusetts has the character of a rural district. The settlements are small, and one wonders how the railways by which he enters Amherst can pay a respectable dividend; but when one looks around for the college, and regards Amherst from the college point of view, the place acquires distinction and importance. So far as the town has outgrown its characteristics as a farming district, it is indebted to the college and to neighboring institutions of like nature; for within a short radius of the town there have grown up Mt. Holyoke Seminary and College, Smith College, Williston Seminary, and the State Agricultural College; so that, as an educational centre, Amherst stands perhaps unequalled, with the exception of Boston and New York. The reasons for this pre-eminence may be traced to two sources—first, the sturdy character of the people of central Massachusetts, who, by their sacrifices for the education of their children, builded better than they knew; and, second, the rare beauty of the location, "with encircling hills on the east, north, and south, and that far stretch of landscape toward the west, with a shimmer of the Connecticut here and there, and Northampton in the middle distance, and the remote horizon giving sunsets which I have certainly never seen surpassed in splendor in any part of the world," to use recent words of the Rev. Dr. Storrs.

Amherst College began as an institution in September, 1821, and its earliest buildings, of which the college dormitories are now the chief survivors, were conspicuously plain and unattractive. In this they were not different from the barracks at Harvard and Yale. The college was founded at the time when the third great uprising of the people against class rule was well under way, and under the leadership of Jackson was about to triumph. It began as a college of the people, and to this day and throughout its career has maintained the closest relationship to them. In all the movements in which the people have participated Amherst has shared, and in a sense led. The missionary movement is one of the most striking features of the nineteenth century. With this missionary and religious movement Amherst early became identified, and won for herself the unique position in this field which she still holds, and which enables her to name such graduates as Mr. Beecher, Dr. Storrs, President Roswell, Dr. Hitchcock, Bishop Huntington, and Father Hewett. Another indication that Amherst is a college of the people may be seen in the efforts there made to prepare students for citizenship. The need of the country that its educated men should be good citizens is indescribably great, and this need grows daily. Many other studies besides history and political science bear upon preparation for citizenship, but none more directly; and the record which Amherst graduates have made as teachers of these subjects, and as writers upon them, is one which has not been equalled by any college in the country. In this connection it is only necessary to mention such men as General Francis A. Walker; Dr. John W. Burgess, of Columbia College, the founder of the first school of political science in America, seven of whose faculty have degrees from Amherst; Dr. H. B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins University; and the professors of history and political science at Smith College, Brown University, Hartford Theological Seminary, and Vanderbilt University.

The purity of Amherst, the simplicity of life, the severe and high tone of society, and the charming environment are the distinguishing features of the community; and the college is what it has grown to be quite as much from the character of its surroundings as from the direction which it has received from its successive leaders and guardians. The students bear the marks of this environment quite as distinctly as the college is witness to it in its outward appointments and social character.

For the direct purposes of education, for manly discipline, for thoroughness of work, for getting at the secrets of power, colleges like Amherst have advantages which perhaps more than offset all the limitations which belong to them. The great lack in American education is thoroughness, and whatever may be wanting in the Amherst surroundings, the college has the reputation of giving a more thorough academic education than almost any other institution of its kind in the country.

The make-up of the students here is unusually good. The fast and rich young man is the exception and not the rule. The students have no money to throw away; they have been well brought up; they bring character and a certain amount of maturity to their work; and their four years at Amherst are a ripening and advancing of principles which have been already laid down in their lives. They represent the best material that a college can have to work with. There is plenty of brain as well as brawn; but, above all, there are character, manhood, self-reliance, the power to put forth one's whole strength; and one who watches the transformation from the Freshman to the Senior at Amherst will see that the material which is placed in the hands of the college professors is worked over to the immense advantage of each individual during the four years' course of study. Finer specimens of manly bearing, mental strength, and all the elements that go to form a right character are seldom seen than in the Senior classes at Amherst.

Much has been said of the method of discipline inaugurated by President Seelye some few years since, by which the students have been admitted to a share in the government of the institution. Dr. Seelye brought to his task at Amherst a wonderful insight into the character of young men. He has been able to take the students into his confidence in the management of the institution. Each class has its chosen representatives, who confer with the President, under regulations which have been mutually consented to, for the direction of all that pertains to the discipline of the institution. The entire undergraduate life comes within their supervision, and the President reserves no right to himself except that of final veto. The method of government, at first received with doubtful favor, is winning the respect and confidence of all the students, until it has become a lively instrument for the direction and control of college life. It has been at once the guidance of a moral instinct and the recognition of a regulative principle; it has brought out the manhood of the students; it has given them some sense of the wholeness of conduct; it has done something to break in upon the close environment of the Amherst township; and its success is evidenced by its adoption in other institutions.

The gymnasium at Amherst is as important in its relation to the physical health of the students as the college discipline is in the direction of their mental life. Dr. Hitchcock, the son of President Hitchcock, of geological fame, has had charge of this department since its establishment. Athletic exercises are a part of the college work, and proficiency in these is as indispensable as is anything set down in the college course. The student is examined on his entrance into college in his Freshman year; a record is kept of his physical condition; he is frequently tested by the college physician; physical defects are overcome; and he is treated from the beginning to the end of his academic course as if he were a moderate athlete. He breathes a moral and physical atmosphere that is quite in keeping with the blue ether that is shut in by the surrounding hills. The Amherst student, almost without exception, improves in manly vigor from year to year. The gymnasium has been recognized for at least twenty-five years as an indispensable part of college life, and to Dr. Hitchcock should be awarded the praise of having given his life to the initiation of a method of physical training which is now considered a necessity in every similar institution in the country.

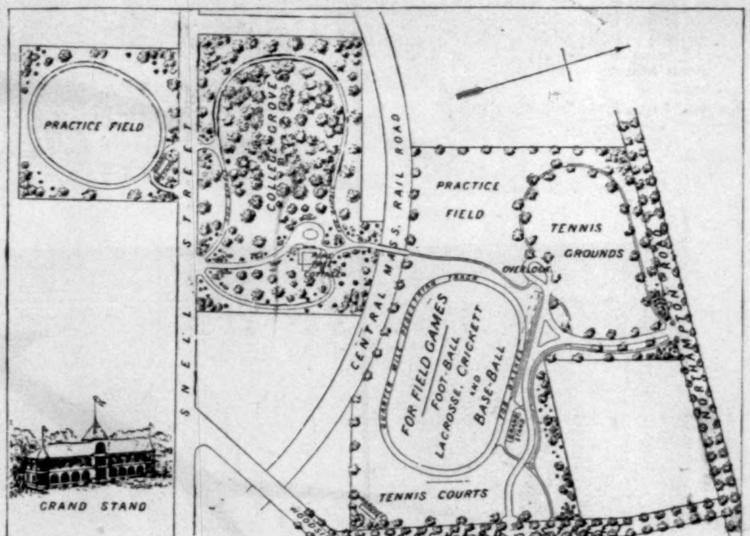
Amherst has worked out another problem in American education; it has made use of the Greek letter societies as a basis for the establishment of students' homes. A considerable majority of the students join one or the other of several Greek letter societies, each of which has its club-house, where a large part of its members have their rooms, and where the student has nearly all the comforts of his own home. Members of different classes here associate on equal terms, and men find the way to each other's hearts and souls under this form of social life as they could in no other way. The intellectual and social life thus stimulated is of the greatest value, and when joined to the manly spirit developed by the college senate, it gives Amherst a rare advantage in the cultivation of the best life of its members. These society houses occupy the best building positions in Amherst; they are houses of fine architecture; here the students have parlors where receptions may be given to the students from Mt. Holyoke or Smith College, and the social interchange thus brought about between Amherst and these neighboring institutions is one of the pleasantest incidents connected with the life of an Amherst student. It is reported that one of these Greek letter societies has established a college fellowship open to general competition.

The secret society, the college senate, the college pastor, President Seelye and his associates, work together to bring about conditions at Amherst which are almost unrivalled at any American institution. The chief attributes of Amherst collegiate life are its wholesomeness, its robustness, its sincerity, its manliness, its honesty of conviction, and the manifest desire of the faculty to awaken individual investigation—a desire which is fostered by a library of over 50,000 volumes, carefully selected, so as to supplement the work of the class-rooms. Nor should the influence of the art gallery, with its exceptionally choice and complete collection of casts and photographs, be overlooked.

The man best known in connection with Amherst is President Seelye. His distinguishing mental quality is to see things as a whole. The world to him has unity, and his administration at Amherst has been marked by a comprehensive, liberal, earnest, and upbuilding policy. His purpose in life is to make men, and it can almost be said of him, as was said of President Hopkins during his long administration at Williams College, that he has made the institution in later days what it is. The Nestor of the Amherst professors, Dr. Tyler, vigorous in mind and in body, kindly in spirit, and carrying much of the beauty and flower of youth into old age, is certainly among its alumni the most distinctly marked and influential man. He has most of the Amherst traditions. He commands the reverence of all who have ever been connected with Amherst College. Delightful in reminiscence, accurate in scholarship, as interesting, as strongly individual as any one who can be named in the whole circle of American college professors, his life, if written by a Boswell, would be as charming in its way as the great Englishman made that of Dr. Johnson. Of its other professors and instructors nearly all are comparatively young men, many of them its own graduates, who are each and all making their mark in the intellectual brotherhood of the country. It is said that Amherst men make the best teachers in America. If this be so, it is explained in no small measure by the interest and animation which the professors throw into their lectures and class-room instruction. Enthusiasm of study prevails here. It is a part of the new life of the institution. Amherst does not profess to be a university. It simply aims to prepare young men, by a severe and thorough course of training, to enter upon professional life, or to undertake with earnestness and intelligence their life-work.

The college grounds at Amherst are upon a slight eminence just out of the village, and command a fine view of the surrounding country. To the north are the lessening peaks of the Green Mountains, between which the Connecticut sweeps down into the valley. Across this valley westward lies Northampton, where Smith College is located. To the southwest are Mt. Tom and Mt. Holyoke, between which the Connecticut cuts its way southward, and there is still another range of hills extending eastward that shuts in the view. The morning sunrise seen from the college grounds reveals daily a new world, and the evening sunset bids it farewell with royal glory every nightfall. The location is one of great beauty and healthfulness. It is charming in summer, and furnishes facilities for botanical and geological excursions which Amherst students are not slow to utilize. The buildings themselves are not all up to the modern standard. One of the best sites is still occupied by the college dormitories, which unfortunately are not so comfortable or convenient as to be very popular places of abode for the students; the astronomical observatory does not equal the reputation of its professor; but the college library building, which is fire-proof, is of pleasing and effective architecture; Walker Hall could hardly be improved in its facilities for recitation and lecture rooms; the new college church is ecclesiastically a fine structure; the Pratt Gymnasium is thoroughly appointed in every respect, and quite adequate to the needs of the institution; and the Woods Cabinet, where the great and unrivalled geological collections of the college are properly arranged, is not only fire-proof, but a structure of solid character. Interspersed throughout the village are the professors' homes and the students' club-houses, which are the most notable buildings outside the college grounds in the town.

The students are thrown very largely upon themselves for their more joyous and exhilarating life, and here the club-houses, the gymnasium, and the athletic field, together with the excursion element, which is prominent in Amherst life, come into use, and serve a good purpose. The Amherst students are as gay and happy a company of young men as can be found anywhere, and if the ruder element has never prevailed here, or has been transformed into the behavior that belongs to gentlemen, it will scarcely be considered derogatory to the institution. Taken all together, Amherst is an institution where one may miss certain things at the outset, or even through the whole college course, but where he will be sure to receive advantages which quite compensate for what he misses. It is impossible for an institution thus located to cover the whole ground of American education, but in the way of solid attainments, thorough work, and self-mastery, Amherst can hold its head high among the colleges of the country. It needs larger equipments and more professors, but these are sure to come where honesty and fidelity in every branch of instruction is the characteristic of college work.



AMHERST'S ATHLETIC GROUNDS.

The new athletic grounds for Amherst contain about thirteen acres, and were the generous gift of Mr. Fred B. Pratt, of Brooklyn, an alumnus of the college, and now supervising, as superintendent, the diversified activities of Pratt Institute. This new area will be added to other property of the college, which includes the old ball field of modest proportions, to be reserved as a practice field, and the college grove of stately pines, familiarly known as the Blake Woods, the three areas to be connected by a sightly iron bridge over the intervening cut of the Massachusetts Central Railroad. When completed, these will comprise one of the largest and most efficiently equipped athletic and recreation grounds of any college in this country.

That Amherst should thus continue to lead in this good work is in entire harmony with the record, since it was one of her professors—the genial Dr. Hitchcock—who established physical culture as a part of the work of the student, formulated, no doubt, by the far-sighted doctor on that model theory of exercise of the Romans, which Gibbon tells us comprehended whatever could add health and strength to the body, activity to the limbs, and grace to the motions.

The work of improving these grounds is now in progress, in accordance with the designs and under the direction of Colonel John Y. Culyer, landscape architect of New York, and contemplates the entire regrading of the new area, the construction of a commodious quarter-mile running track on the most approved lines, a short run for dashes and hurdle races, and a fine in-field of capacious proportions for all purposes of base-ball, lacrosse, and foot-ball. Adjoining areas will be laid out for tennis-courts, of which there will be twelve to fifteen in number, and a cricket field, with space to spare possibly for tennis and archery grounds for fair Amherst, such at least as may secure the password. A substantial grand stand is to be erected, to seat five hundred persons, and provisions will be made for dressing and bathing rooms, etc.

The grounds are being thoroughly underdrained and sewered, and an ample water supply is provided for. The grounds are within a few minutes' walk of the college and society buildings, and are situated on the beautiful Northampton road, with which they are connected by drives and walks, and from interior "coigns of vantage" may be viewed the picturesque Northampton valley, whose long vista over green fields and wooded knolls dies away in the summer mist.

A particular feature of the design comprehends appropriate landscape treatment, a drive, and walks and ornamental plantations calculated to make the grounds attractive in themselves at all seasons of the year. In the adjoining grove shady walks and a summer cottage are to be provided, which will furnish the means for recreation to many students remaining at college during the vacation.

OLD SCHOOL-BOOKS.

Not precisely a waste heap, nor refuse, but rather a scrap pile of books, and these books by the hundreds, the thousands, by the ton. Just as from the scrap pile you may extract the old nail, the twisted horseshoe, the rusted bit of steel, which may still serve a purpose, so from this litter of books you can withdraw useful material. This is a dump of school-books—a jumble of primers, spelling-books, readers, geographies, arithmetics—and for purposes of business some one has brought them all together in a dark, dingy room; and you may buy them for so much a hundred, either as pedagogic matter or as stock for the paper-mills.

Undeceive yourself if you hope to find in this mound a Comenius, an Orbis Pictus, the first of all sensible school-books. There are no discoveries of a horn-book character possible. You will see no geography with that fine old wood-cut of the noble ship going, prow down, into the seething vortex of the maelstrom. There is no book here over thirty years old. Some may bear a date prior to 1860, but they are reprints of old editions, and were fresh from the press but a few years ago. Conservative school boards of the "good-enough kind" have insisted on having exactly the same text-books as they used when they wore pinafores; and so the old forms have been repeated over and over again, the respected heads of educational departments in the United States caring more for the form or body of the book than for the soul or spirit.

I have nothing to do with the respective claims of any particular school-books as the only short-cuts to instruction. Some one has taken the trouble to present what about were the school-books Shakespeare studied, just as a great American collector once brought together with infinite pains the exact volumes Christopher Columbus carried in the cabin of his ship, the *Santa Maria*, when he made the discovery. I would not slight the matter, only this in regard to the most approved of modern school-books, looking at them in a purely utilitarian sense: If I can teach a boy or a girl to spell and read in six months with good books, sharpening young wits with proper tools, why not adopt such at once, and throw away the blunted chisels, which have to be driven by main strength so as to remove the rough bark? Think of the time, the patience, and the money, the whimperings saved! I occupy myself only with the physical conditions of this puddle of books. What is the life of a school-book? About two years. Three and a fraction of a girls' class, it is said, may use the same book, and then it is badly gone. One book per boy for a year would be a fair average.

Picking up a book at random, at once a clean and well-kept book determines who used the book. You need not turn to the first page, that bears the name of "Cora" or "Etta" or "Mary" inscribed on it. Its character at once tells the story as to whether a boy or girl owned the book. If you flutter the leaves of the girl's book, it is likely that a pressed flower or a fern leaf will fall from it; and here is an atlas that has a nice bit of crazy quilt in it. The colors of the silk lozenges are faded, but the stitching is very neat and nice. Here is a fragment of some cotton lace, perhaps the trimming of a collar. It came loose, and was put in the atlas and forgotten. Here is another geography, and in it is a description of France, the Bay of Biscay being frequently referred to. Many are the small Bible cards given at Sunday-schools forgotten in these old books.

The destructive instinct is wanting in girls, for their books are rarely torn. Sometimes they are decorated, but never overmuch. Now and then decalcomanie appears, and there are some birds flying in the books, and a flower or two blooming there. There is some little mania shown for cutting out pictures, indicative of early practice with scissors. In one girl's reader (she may have done very wrong in defacing her book; that is, the teacher would have so considered it) she has colored the prints in the book, and put on the paint in a very neat manner, and she has given life to what were very poor and inanimate engravings. Now and then there are faint tracings of sums, the numerals drawn evidently by a girl. They must have been set down by a girl, for the additions are generally wrong. Some of these books are covered with calico, and you see the queerest old-fashioned patterns. Leaves of books are quite clean, and no grease marks cloud the pages. This must have been a sentimentalist, for she wrote:

The grass is green
The rose is red
Remember me
When I am dead

And all that without a sign of punctuation! There might have been cause for this—an explosion of temper—for some one unknown writes, in a school-girl hand, "Elsie is a bad girl, and ef she doan behave, she will be gittin smakes." Evidently smacks was in the mind's eye of the vengeful one. Here is a pretty little invitation. Evidently it was passed surreptitiously to another girl under the lid of the desk: "Jule, come to the spring during recess. I will show you a new croshay (*sic*) stitch. Got some lovely candy. Billy came home yesterday." As this writing is in a book of natural history, it perhaps presupposes young-ladyhood. One young person must have had some difficulties of a geographical and historical kind, for she writes, "The West Indes was discivired in 1792"; but as to her uncertainty in regard to the spelling of Popocatepetl, that must be forgiven her, for she writes it "Cocopatakittle" and "Papo-koatapettels." Probably she got a headache over it, for, having finally written "Popocat," which was in the right direction, she stops short, and apparently gives it up. There is one little bit of sentence which was puzzling until its elucidation was had from a lady Champollion. The sentence read: "They just ain't. You can see the ——" Here followed a rough hieroglyphic drawing looking like a comb. "Oh, that's plain enough," said the lady of whom information was asked. "It don't require much ingenuity to solve it. The teacher had curls or a frizz which were not her own, and this little girl declared they were false, and told the secret of the store hair to the other girls. The comb makes it clear. At school we girls always picked our teacher to pieces. She couldn't stick in a pin anywhere that we didn't see it. She wore three rings. We found out the history of two of them, but the source of the third is yet undiscovered; and even to this day I try to find out the secret of that poor amethyst ring which I noticed twenty-five years ago on one finger of that sad school-marm's well-shaped hand."

Boys' books! They are dilapidated, maimed, unhinged, crippled, rickety, crazy, shattered things generally, in the last stages of dissolution. But only think what accidents they have gone through! That book had to travel five or six miles every day. It may have been dissolved by the thunder-storm, or may have been dropped in the snow-bank, and so became as a book "gone to the dogs." When the owner went in to swim, he hung the satchel with his books to the bough of a sapling overlooking the creek, and the swaying wind tumbled satchel, books, and all into the water. He may have gone into a fight, with the books under his arm, and in the suddenness of the attack dropped them in the mud-puddle at his feet, or taking his books, secured by a strap, belabored the other fellow with them. Many of these books show distinctly strangulation from the strap. How can a boy, unless through long experience, acquire an exact acquaintance with the resistance of paper? Or was there ever a leather strap made that had a hole punched in it to the exact requisite fraction of an inch? Suppose a boy lost a book because he had not properly secured it, what then? Why is it that molasses candy is sticky, or a sausage or a cake greasy? Why do not school boards provide boys with finger-bowls or napkins? What is a fellow to do with his fingers, anyway?

The destructive qualities of the boy are a godsend for the school-book publishers. The little male animal quickly thumbs or claws the book out of existence. He defies wire stitching. Sometimes the little strands of wire, now taking the place of flax thread, call on him for the closest investigation, and so with his jack-knife he works into the binding of the book.

Some of the lad's ways are highly amusing. Here is one of his dodges to catch the unwary: On the first page is written, "If you wish my name to see, turn to page 53; if it there you cannot find, shut up the book and never mind." He is not aware that he is making verse. All he is intent on is laying a trap. You look at page 53, and are referred to page 106, and from 106 back to page 27, and from 27 to page 95, where you read, in a perfectly legible hand, "You are a fool." There it is, short and sweet, and you are fully convinced that the boy was correct.

School-books being general school property, private ownership is not much insisted upon, and so it is rare to read, "Stolen from Billy Brown." Those choice verses,

"He who hooks what isn't his'n,
When he's cotched, will go to pris'n,"

are no longer common. School-boys' minatory and cautionary verses have always existed. Before books were printed the volumes in the monastery libraries bore on them warning inscriptions addressed to those who should dare to purloin the sacred treasures. It was but natural, then, that the boys should be imitative. Dry-as-dusts have preserved some of these school-boys' rhymes of the sixteenth century, which, having a Latin flavor, always threaten the thief with hanging.

A boy who is the lucky possessor of a rubber stamp with his name on it uses it indiscriminately. He is profuse in his ornamentation, and he prints his name in red ink, as often upsidedown as not, all over his book. As he improves in manipulation he indulges in the perfecting of wheels with many spokes, his name being often repeated in the circumference and in the radii. Thumb marks in red ink increase general effects. Sometimes a boy shows a strange desire to advertise his father, and, proud to see his sire's name in print, will cut from the country newspaper the announcement that his father has just received "a splendid new stock of the most fashionable goods," or that "M——, our well-known crockery merchant, has the best-selected dinner and breakfast sets in town." Circus bills neatly folded up in atlases attest the presence of the owner of the book at the last great "moral entertainment." Occasionally a fish-hook has been found embedded in the leaves of a book.

There are some strange uses a boy's atlas can be put to. In many, on the last cover is an improvised checker-board. A neat dodge is the putting of a little bit of soap on the cover; and so, pressing the blank leaf down, it holds fast, and the board is not seen by the teacher. Many tit-tat-toe games are played in the books. Interrupted sentences are frequent, such as "Frank is a mean—." There it stops. Probably the teacher's eye was on the boy just here. Here is one quotation which shows the prevailing vice of to-day: "Got a cigaret. Make believe to get coal, and fotch a match." This is another: "Uncle Pete's millions is ded ripe. They plugs good. Whose afeerd of his old dog." This is most suggestive. Reading between the lines, Uncle Pete's "millions" probably suffered some little.

There is no uniformity in boys' handwriting, whereas the girls seem to write all alike, showing how imitative is the gentler sex. The boy creates his own chirography, or discovers it, and a very independent kind of fist he has. If he uses a pencil, he prefers a stubby one, and to make a visible stroke with the lead he invariably moistens it; hence his scribbling sinks in furrows into the leaf. He has a liking, too, for what archæologists in search of inscriptions call "squeezes." Give him a penny, and no time to spend it, and he puts it under the leaf of his book, and by rubbing on it reproduces the coin as a kind of bass-relief. Well, what of it? School-books are not "tall copies." They were made to be used up, and they are. Providing primers with leaves of fine steel held together by a bronze cover were put on the market and given to school-boys, it is not certain that even such adamant would defy them. So the boys learn, the book itself, as a material thing, is of secondary importance. Sheer wanton destructiveness with books is a crime. A boy who purposely walks through a mortar bed, and with malice prepense ruins his clothes, deserves punishment; but then there are many bright lads who wear out their trousers more rapidly than the stupid ones.

B. P.

UNDER THE CHICAGO RIVER.

More than twenty years ago, when Chicago began to attain its wonderful dimensions, the troublesome question was, what could be done to facilitate transit from one portion of the town to the other, which were separated by the river? Drawbridges were erected every two blocks, but the passage of vessels up and down the stream, necessitating the opening of the draws, was a great loss of time to the people on land, and it became clear before long that some mode of transit must be contrived to obviate and do away in great part with such delays. To this end tunnels under the river were devised, and the first one was made at Washington Street, which connected the west side with the south side. This tunnel was opened in the early part of 1869, after costing over half a million of dollars. Two years later the La Salle Street Tunnel was built, connecting the south and north sides of the city. This tunnel cost a little over $566,000, and was opened to the public on the 1st of July, 1871. It is 1854 feet in length, and is traversed by the cable cars of the north side. The interior is lighted by electricity. The illustration on our front page shows the entrance to the tunnel and views of the cars while in transit. A view of La Salle Street, looking south from the tunnel entrance, was given in Harper's Weekly for May 3, 1890.

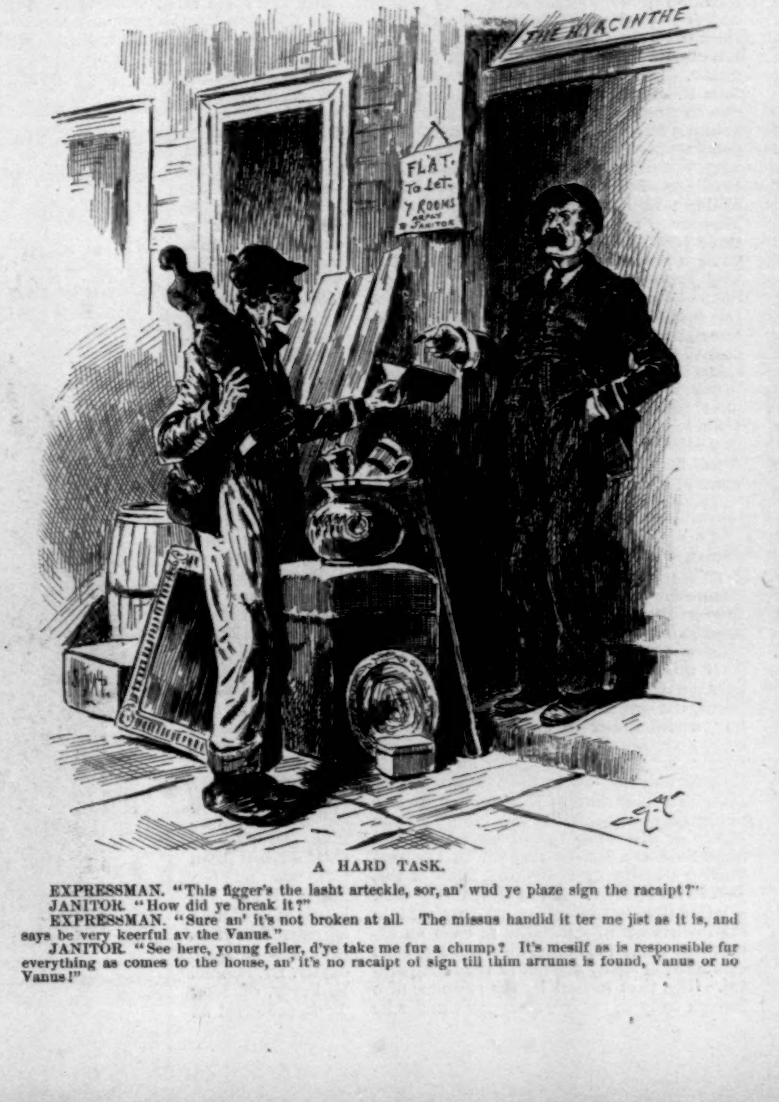
The Washington Street tunnel was given up a few years ago, owing to its dangerous condition from crumbling walls, which admitted of the entrance of water through the breaks. A railway syndicate, however, to whom the city granted its use upon condition of its restoration, which amounted practically to its rebuilding, took the tunnel in hand, and have now reopened it. The top of the new tunnel is now four feet lower than before, and will allow the passage above it of vessels drawing eighteen feet of water. It is 1608 feet in length, possessing a double driveway and a road for foot-passengers. The interior is well lighted and ventilated, and also wide and lofty. The west-side cable road runs through it.

A new tunnel running under the river from Market to Clinton Street is now in course of construction, and is expected to be finished within two years. The water above it will be seventeen feet deep, and its length 1513 feet. It will be used, upon completion, for cars of the west division, whose western termini are south of Madison Street.

HON. RICHARD VAUX.

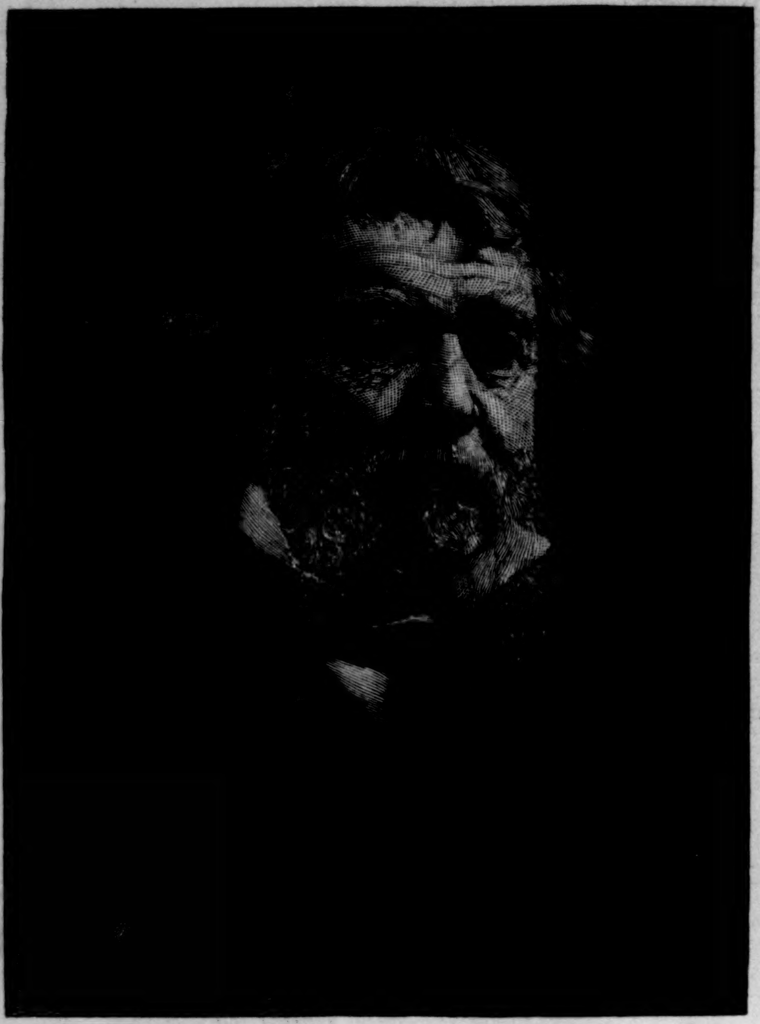
The Democratic Convention of the Third Congressional District of Pennsylvania has nominated ex-Mayor Richard Vaux to fill the vacancy in the House of Representatives created by the death of Congressman Samuel J. Randall. A unanimous nomination to succeed a man of Mr. Randall's celebrity and character is itself a distinguished honor; and Mr. Vaux, who has been a round half-century in public life in his native city of Philadelphia, is conspicuously worthy of it. Born in Arch Street, above Second, December 16, 1816, the son of Roberts Vaux, one of the leading men of the city, whose mother was a daughter of the first Hugh Roberts, of Philadelphia, he studied law under William M. Meredith, and at the age of twenty was admitted to the bar. Before becoming immersed in his profession he made a journey to Europe, taking with him despatches from the Department of State to Mr. Stevenson, then our Minister to England. The Minister appointed him as temporary Secretary of Legation, to fill a vacancy created by those despatches; and, subsequently, after he had finished his tour of the Continent, he made him his private secretary. On his return to Philadelphia young Mr. Vaux was nominated for the State Legislature; the following year he was a delegate to the State and the National Democratic Conventions; in the succeeding year, 1841, when only twenty-four years old, he was made Recorder of Philadelphia. Few public careers, even in our country, have opened earlier or more brilliantly.

In 1842, at the age of twenty-five, Mr. Vaux was the Democratic candidate for Mayor of Philadelphia, but was defeated by the Whigs, and three years later he was again defeated for the same office. Meanwhile, during seven years, he held the office of Recorder; and although he had entered upon it at so early an age, and with so little professional experience, it is a tradition that no decision ren-

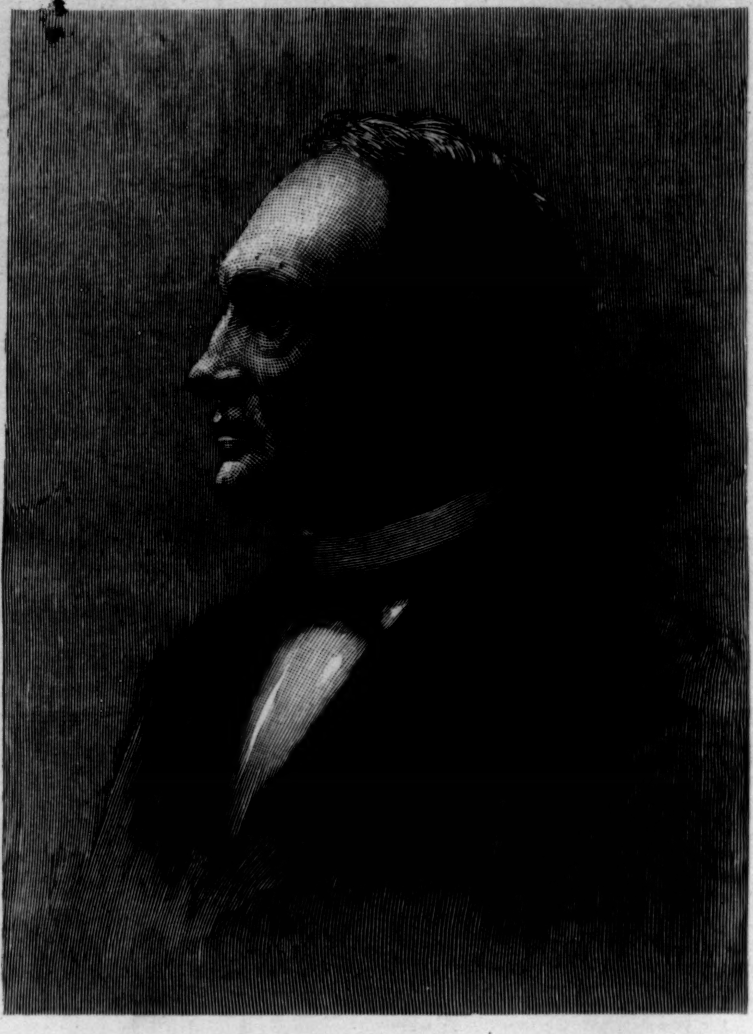


A HARD TASK.

EXPRESSMAN. "This figger's the lasht arteckle, sor, an' wud ye plaze sign the racaipt?"
JANITOR. "How did ye break it?"
EXPRESSMAN. "Sure an' it's not broken at all. The missus handid it ter me jist as it is, and says be very keerful av the Vanus."
JANITOR. "See here, young feller, d'ye take me fur a chump? It's mesilf as is responsible fur everything as comes to the house, an' it's no racaipt oi sign till thim arrums is found, Vanus or no Vanus!"



HON. RICHARD VAUX, OF PHILADELPHIA, THE SUCCESSOR IN CONGRESS OF THE LATE SAMUEL J. RANDALL.—From a Photograph by Gutekunst.—[See Page 411.]



HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE, SENATOR-ELECT FROM KENTUCKY.
From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

dered by him was ever reversed by a higher tribunal. At all events, the volume called *Vaux's Recorder's Decisions* is still authority. In 1856 his fourth nomination by his party to the Mayoralty of Philadelphia resulted in his election. His term of office fell in a busy and important period of the history of the city, which had been consolidated only two years before, and his municipal policy was broad and far-seeing. For the following term he was defeated, largely because the Lecompton question in national politics affected local elections. In 1872 he was also defeated as a candidate for Congressman at large.

Politics, however, did not wholly absorb the attention of Mr. Vaux. As early as 1842 he was appointed by the Supreme Court an Inspector of the Eastern Penitentiary, having inherited a zeal for prison reform from his father. During more than forty years he has been President of the Board of Inspectors of that institution, and has prepared about fifty volumes of its reports and many treatises on penology, on which subject he is an authority. For more than thirty years he has been President of the Board of Directors of Girard College; he has been Grand Master of the Masonic Fraternity of Pennsylvania for three years, is President of the Philadelphia Club, a prominent member of the Board of City Trusts, and of the American Philosophical and the Pennsylvania Historical societies. His social reputation even antedates his political, as his witty conversation, grace, and polished manners were recognized at the Court of St. James even in his youth. He is to-day, in his seventy-fourth year, one of the most picturesque and striking figures in Philadelphia. Nearly fifty years ago he married Miss Waln, and his handsome Chestnut Street house is supplemented by a suburban place at Chestnut Hill.

DR. CARL KOLLER.

It is probable that to no living man does humanity owe a greater debt of gratitude than to Dr. Carl Koller, the discoverer of the application of hydrochlorate of cocaine as a local anæsthetic.

Of this important event one of the most distinguished American ophthalmic surgeons, the late Professor C. R. Agnew, said he "would rather be the discoverer of cocaine anæsthesia than President of the United States." In fact, it marks an epoch in surgery only second to the introduction of ether and chloroform. It is difficult for one not in daily contact with those suffering from injury or disease to fully comprehend and appreciate the benefit realized in the prevention of pain by the employment of this wonderful remedy. A few drops of a weak solution (two to four per cent.) dropped into the eye robs it of sensibility to such an extent that operations otherwise causing most excruciating agony are not in the least painful. The pain caused by the presence of a foreign body in the eye disappears under its local use, and the removal of the foreign substance is greatly facilitated. The muscles of the eye may be exposed and divided, as in correcting squint, or "cross-eye," and the extraction of cataract no longer requires the employment of general anæsthesia with ether or chloroform. Cocaine solution purified by boiling has even been successfully instilled into the anterior chamber of the eyeball, in order to completely deaden sensibility in the iris, or curtain which contains the pupil in its centre.

In painful afflictions of the throat, mouth, nose, and larynx, and in all minor surgical operations upon these portions of the body, cocaine, properly applied, produces insensibility and gives relief from pain. Injected into and beneath the skin, any small operation, such as the amputation of the fingers or toes, or the removal of small tumors, etc., may be painlessly performed with the perfect consciousness, and even with the assistance of the patient. Such is the dread of ether or chloroform that many will bear with or conceal surgical maladies easily curable in early development, until, after mouths or years of suffering, they submit too late to a heroic operation. One of the greatest benefits to be derived from this wonderful remedy is the inducement it will offer to early operative interference.

It may be of interest to know how near others came to winning the laurels so justly yielded to Dr. Koller. A recent surgical writer says: "It is true that the anæsthetic effects of cocaine had been discovered before Koller's researches secured its wide application. In 1855 an alkaloid had been extracted by Gadecke from the leaves of *erythroxylon coca*. Two years later, and independently, Dr. Samuel R. Percy, of New York, exhibited an alkaloid he had isolated; and as far back as 1868 Schroff had discovered that cocaine produced insensibility of the tongue when held in the mouth; while Morena y Maiz discovered, by hypodermic injections of the acetate, distinct loss of sensibility over a circumscribed area. And yet it was left to the brilliant young Austrian to make the application and win immortal renown," for in September, 1884, at the Ophthalmological Congress in Heidelberg, a young man hitherto unknown, born in Bohemian Austria in 1857, who had finished his course of study at the Vienna Gymnasium in 1867, graduated from the Medical Department of the University of Vienna in 1882, and served for two years as *interne* at the General Hospital, announced his important discovery. It soon became known that in experimenting upon his own person as to the constitutional effects of various alkaloids, he noticed that cocaine taken into the mouth produced loss of sensation wherever it touched the tongue or mucous surfaces. He at once concluded that the sensory nerves in other parts of the body would in like manner be affected, and within two weeks his results, which were to be of incalculable benefit to mankind and win for him undying fame, were given to the world.

DR. CARL KOLLER.

WHEN ON THE HIGH SEAS,

On the rail, on a steamboat, aboard a fishing-smack, or yachting on the coast, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will be found a reliable means of averting and relieving ailments to which travellers, mariners, and emigrants are peculiarly subject. Sea-captains, ship-doctors, voyagers or sojourners in the tropics, and all about to encounter, unacclimated, an unaccustomed or dangerous climate, should not neglect to avail themselves of this safeguard of well-ascertained and long-tried merit. Constipation, biliousness, malarial fever, indigestion, rheumatism, and affections of the bladder and kidneys are among the ailments which it eradicates, and it may be resorted to not only with confidence in its remedial efficacy, but also in its perfect freedom from every objectionabel ingredient, since it is derived from the purest and most salutary sources. It counteracts the effects of unwholesome food and water.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Editors, bookkeepers, and people of sedentary habits need an invigorating tonic. Nicholson's Liquid Bread overcomes the debilitating effect of close confinement. Try it. Ask you grocer or druggist for it.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine.—A perfect dressing for the hair. The Cocoaine holds in a liquid form a large proportion of deodorized Cocoanut Oil, prepared expressly for this purpose.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters is known all over the world as the great regulator of the digestive organs.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best, the strongest, and most healthful.—[*Adv.*]

Dyspepsia causes depraved blood, which, in time, affects every organ and function of the body. As a remedy for these troubles, nothing can approach Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It vitalizes the blood, strengthens the stomach, and corrects all disorders of the liver and kidneys.—[*Adv.*]

THE CITY OF MINNEAPOLIS.

BY WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

THE influence of circumstances on centres of population and the accumulating strength of a movement once successfully set on foot have rarely been more plainly shown than in the growth of the city of Minneapolis. The change of fortune by which an unobtrusive mill town ten miles from the prosperous city of St. Paul became the largest city of the Northwest may be looked upon as an instance of the apparently causeless magic of frontier development; yet in reality it was no more than the natural result of local circumstances. Minneapolis began life in a small way as the rival of St. Anthony, a saw-mill town at the Falls of St. Anthony, ten miles above the head of navigation on the Mississippi River. St. Anthony set out to be the milling centre of the Northwest, and for several years it had practically a monopoly of all the business above St. Paul; but after a time, when the lumber industry grew stronger, and when the farmers of the newly settled country roundabout began to seek a market for their grain, Minneapolis built mills of her own. At first, the flour-mills, locally known as grist-mills, were not of much account. They did well enough to grind wheat for local use, but they were hardly fitted to make flour for other markets. At that time wheat was a rather uncertain crop in the Northwest owing to the late spring frosts. The sowing of grain was a sort of gambling venture, with the chances largely in favor of the frosts. The Scotch Fife variety of wheat was then tried, with queer results. The Scotch Fife would grow well enough, even in frosty weather, and the farmer was always reasonably sure of a good crop, but the millers despised it beyond measure. They were, in fact, so loath to handle it that they placed a price upon it that made it a very undesirable crop indeed. The pioneer farmers were compelled to raise something, however, that would not shrivel up with the first spring frost, and so they continued to grow Scotch Fife. In time an inventive person built a machine for the purpose of making good flour from Scotch Fife, and then it was discovered that the despised Scotch Fife, when properly handled, made the best flour in the Northwest. It may be said within reason that the foundations of Minneapolis are built upon Scotch Fife. It may perhaps be too much to say that Scotch Fife is absolutely the best wheat in the world, but it has built up the largest milling industry on earth, which is a pretty conclusive test of its quality. Scotch Fife is known to the trade as No. 1 Hard Wheat, and as such it is quoted in most of the markets of Europe. The soil and climate of Minnesota and Dakota seem to be peculiarly adapted to the successful growth of this variety of grain, and so long as these conditions hold good, the Northwest may expect to prosper.

It should be noted that up to the time of the proper treatment of Scotch Fife the city of Minneapolis had not made much of a stir in the world. St. Anthony, on the opposite side of the river, was looked upon as the coming city, and the sawing of lumber was deemed to be the chief industry. St. Paul did not so much as think of Minneapolis as a future rival, because at that time St. Paul was nearly twice as large as the community of the Falls of St. Anthony. The water-power was then the only reason for the existence of Minneapolis. With the development of the latent qualities of hard wheat, however, Minneapolis began to grow. The farmers of the new Northwest, finding a market for their best crop, sent hard wheat to the Minneapolis mills in a steadily increasing volume; and when farmers in other parts of the country heard how their friends in Minnesota and Dakota were growing rich, they became Northwestern farmers themselves, and so helped to swell the new business at the Falls of St. Anthony. The wonderful growth of the Northwest followed. The wide and lonesome prairies blossomed thick with farms, and land that was brown and gray in the early spring became yellow with ripened grain in the autumn. Towns sprang up here and there, and when the railroads crept across the great prairies to reach them and bring in the grain, the young city of Minneapolis began to throb and glow with a new life. Very quickly the output of flour became greater than Minneapolis and St. Paul combined could take care of, and then the products of the mills went out to all parts of the United States. That was only a dozen paltry years ago, and yet to-day Minneapolis is claimed to be the greatest wheat and milling centre in the world; Buda-Pesth, in Hungary, is said to be second; and St. Louis, Missouri, third. For the work of a dozen years this is little short of the phenomenal, yet it is only a fair indication of the future greatness of the Northwest, the resources of which have been hardly explored, much less made use of. When the millions of acres of good land now lying just as they lay a thousand years ago shall come under the domination of the plough and harrow, the milling outputs, the wheat sales, and the trade statistics of the present day will be things to smile at.

In making this prediction I am taking the rather broad ground that the productive capacity of the soil will not be diminished by constant cultivation. I am aware that this is at variance with the facts attending the cultivation of Northwestern fields during the past ten years, for the most carefully prepared statistics show that the yield of wheat per acre on ground more than two years old has steadily decreased. The decrease is due to the reluctance of Northwestern farmers to recognize the value of rotation in crops. With most farmers of Minnesota and Dakota, wheat-raising seems to be a habit that cannot be shaken off. The constant demand of the Minneapolis mills for wheat at reasonable prices, and the uncertainty of a market for any other kind of product, explain to a considerable extent the formation of this habit, although the too common tendency of farmers to do the same thing this year that they did last year and the year before, may have had something to do with it. Newly broken land in Dakota and elsewhere in the Northwest will raise from twenty-five to thirty bushels of wheat to the acre in fairly good seasons. The farmer who harvests this amount of grain naturally thinks that he has a very fine piece of wheat land; but instead of taking care of it, as he would a fine horse, he plants it to wheat year after year without giving it a chance to rest, to the end that in a few years the average yield per acre has fallen to ten or twelve bushels. Wheat-raising at ten bushels to the acre is not profitable, as many a discouraged farmer knows only too well. If wheat be raised on a piece of land every third, fourth, or fifth year, a good average yield will be maintained. Wheat is so exacting a crop that it requires all the native strength and freshness of the land to produce the best results, and when its nature and peculiarities are disregarded, failure is inevitable. Judging solely by trustworthy statistics, I am of opinion that the average Northwestern farmer has much to learn about successful farming. So long as his land was new and strong he was a good enough farmer. He could plough and sow and reap the harvest quite as well as any one, and certainly as well as the graduate of the agricultural college; but when his land began to wear out through stress of constant work and no recuperation, he became a very poor farmer indeed—so poor, in fact, that the commonest of graduates could surpass him in the results of a season's harvest. He blamed his lack of success upon the weather, upon the quality of the seed, or upon the full or the dark of the moon, as the case might be, but never in his most discouraged moments did he think of blaming himself. Why should he blame himself? Had he not worked at farming all his life? Had he not raised splendid crops on this very land only a few years ago? He knew what his land had done, and he knew what he himself had done; so it naturally must be the weather or the full of the moon that did it. His situation is somewhat similar to that of the carpenter who lent a file to a neighbor.

"Here," said the neighbor, after a half-hour's unsuccessful attempt at using the file; "this thing is no good. It won't bite into anything."

THE CITY HALL.

"No good!" demanded the indignant carpenter. "That's as good a file as you ever saw. Why, I've used that file steady for thirty years come next Christmas Day, and I know it's good!"

So it is with the average unscientific Northwestern farmer. He has grown wheat on the same piece of ground for ten years, and he knows that he is doing right. Moreover, he has such an overmastering confidence in the richness and wonderful producing character of the soil that he rarely considers the possibility of its wearing out. So far as that part of it is concerned, he has been assured so often by the glowing circulars of interested land agents that the soil was exhaustless in fertility that he believes it himself. It was partly for this reason that he left the barren lands of the East, where the liberal use of fertilizers was necessary, and took up his home on the rich uplands of the Northwest. Having found a blessed spot of land where all manner of things, and particularly wheat, would grow without fertilization, he settled down to a long life of comfort and ease. He did not work so hard as he had done on the churlish land in the East, because hard work was not actually imperative after the first year. There was no digging of stumps or blasting of rocks to worry him, and he could ride on his plough and his wheat drill from morning until night without a thought of weariness. This luxurious sort of farming caused him to grow lazy and unwilling to work, with the result that he would plant the same field to wheat year after year rather than make the exertion of breaking up a new field from the hard sod. Then when the fertility of the soil broke down under this unnatural strain, the lazy fellow blamed it on the weather.

The farmers of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois passed through this sort of experience years ago. There was a time when the soil of those three States would raise crops in prodigious quantities, but after a period of hap-hazard farming a day came when the only thrifty crop was buckwheat or white beans. Many discouraged farmers went further west to the newer lands of Kansas, Iowa, and the Northwest, while those who remained lived to learn successful agriculture from chemists and college graduates. In the hands of enlightened farmers the soil of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois will now grow in abundance anything that the climate favors.

I do not mean to say that the Northwestern farmers can become scientists, or chemists, or even expert agriculturists, all in one season; but they can make a good beginning toward successful farming by putting into practice the principle of the rotation of crops. When that is done intelligently, it will not be long before they understand the chemical properties of the soil, and also of the grains and vegetables that they wish to raise. No one would think of practising surgery without a knowledge of the human body, or of running a locomotive without a reasonable familiarity with its working parts, yet men become farmers who know little about soils and the properties of earth products, and who care less. For the most part, agriculture as a science capable of high development is known only to men who practise it for pleasure, and not for profit. It is usually the case that men who raise beets at a cost of a dollar a pound really know more about farming than the practical farmer, who scoffs at him for doing it. The day will come in American farming when the only prosperous farmer will be the man who studies and thinks as well as labors with his hands. That day must come very soon to the Northwest, for the time is not far off when there will be a decreased area of new land to maintain the general average of the wheat crop. When there shall be no rich, fresh soil to assist the farmer in making a living, he will be compelled to depend upon what he really knows about farming, and not upon the unheeding prodigality of nature. In that event, the value of special agricultural training and a knowledge of soils and crops will be established beyond all question.

The lively and enterprising citizen of Minneapolis will perhaps wish to know what all this has to do with the city of Minneapolis; and in reply I hasten to say that it has everything to do with Minneapolis. The busy and ambitious milling centre of the Northwest is as absolutely dependent upon the wheat fields and farms of her tributary country as the city of Denver is upon the mines of the Rocky Mountains. Should the wheat fields cease to yield crops in paying quantities, Minneapolis could only fall back upon its slowly declining lumber interest, and so lose its importance as a leader of Western cities. If Minneapolis is to be kept at its present high-pressure state of existence, it must look to the condition of its wheat fields; and if it is to continue its wonderful growth, it must take into consideration the education of its farmers.

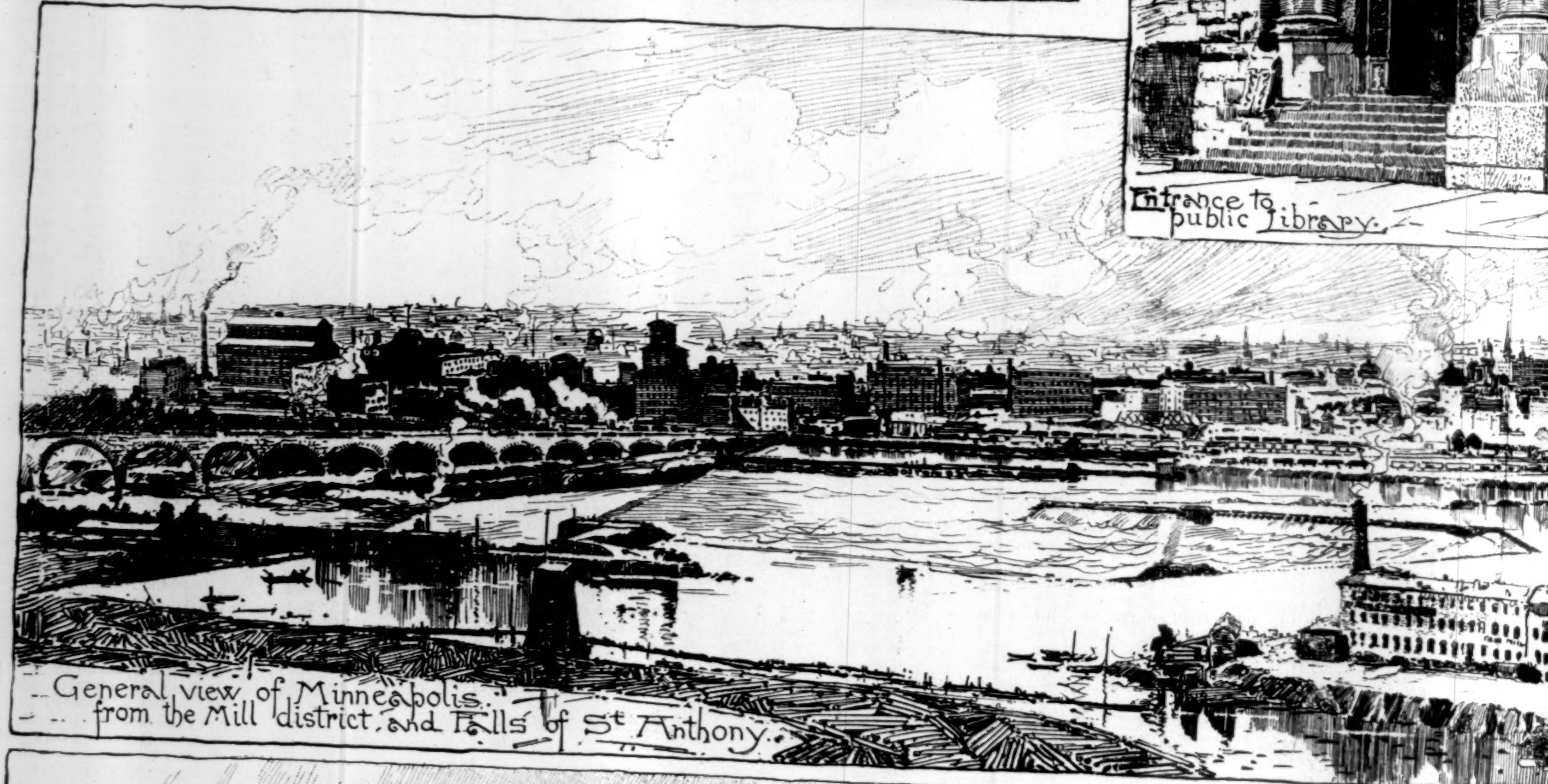
I believe that Minneapolis will do this eventually, as a matter of self-preservation. It is upon the actual necessity for doing it that I base my prediction of the city's future wealth and greatness. When the people of Minneapolis become convinced that there must be a change for the better in the method of farming, they will take the matter in hand with all the energy and intelligence that have characterized the building of their city. They will not be alone in this movement, nor will their supremacy as grinders of grain remain uncontested. Duluth will one day enter the field as a maker of flour. As a shipper of wheat, Duluth has already caused grave fears and misgivings among Chicago business men; and as a maker of flour, what may she not do to Minneapolis? Duluth ought to be able to grind wheat at less cost than Minneapolis can, because the coal for grinding-power comes there as return cargoes in grain vessels, and therefore is cheaper than at Minneapolis. This article has nothing to do with the rosy prospects of Duluth, yet I mention them as a means of showing that Minneapolis will be able to hold her leadership and increase her population only by earnest efforts in the face of active competition. Duluth may grow great, yet that need not prevent Minneapolis from solidly maintaining her position, for the empire of the Northwest is capable of supporting cities twice as large as the St. Paul, Duluth, and Minneapolis of to-day. In the event of commercial union with Canada these three cities of the Northwest would have still a second empire to draw upon, as they are the natural outlets for Manitoba and the British Northwest.

Should the overland grain route from Manitoba to Montreal ever come in open competition with the buying capacity of the Minneapolis mills or the shipping facilities of Duluth, the result would not long be in doubt. Canadians are patriotic enough in theory, but in reality few of them would care to sell their wheat at eighty cents a bushel in Montreal when they might get a dollar for it in Minneapolis. All possibilities of a nature with this should have due consideration in making up an estimate of the resources and future condition of Minneapolis, for it is not beyond the range of reason that the people all along the Canadian border shall some day make a concerted effort to bring about commercial union between the two countries. I fancy that one of the strongest forces to advocate this plan will be the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railway, which looks to Manitoba for its field of operations nearly as much as to the American Northwest. Commercial union is certainly something well worth working for, and I feel sure that the Canadians would see the matter in the right light could the facts be placed before them in a proper manner.

Until commercial or political union between Canada and the United States can be established, the people of Minneapolis will do well to extend their influence with the farmers of the Northwest. There are several ways in which this can be done, the most feasible of which seems to me to be the formation and intelligent encouragement of farmers' clubs and agricultural associations, which shall seek to make popular the now awesome features of scientific farming, and devise practical ways of growing Scotch Fife successfully on old land. Any such movement as this should, of course, be free

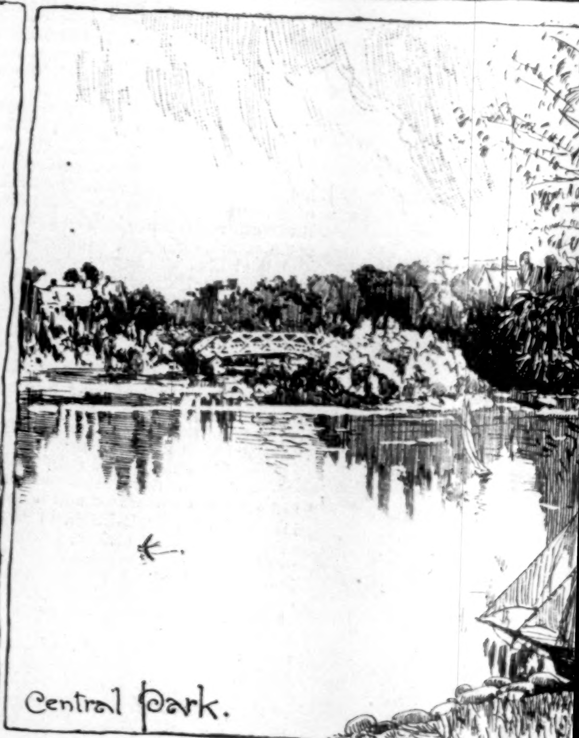
Exposition Building.

Entrance to public Library.



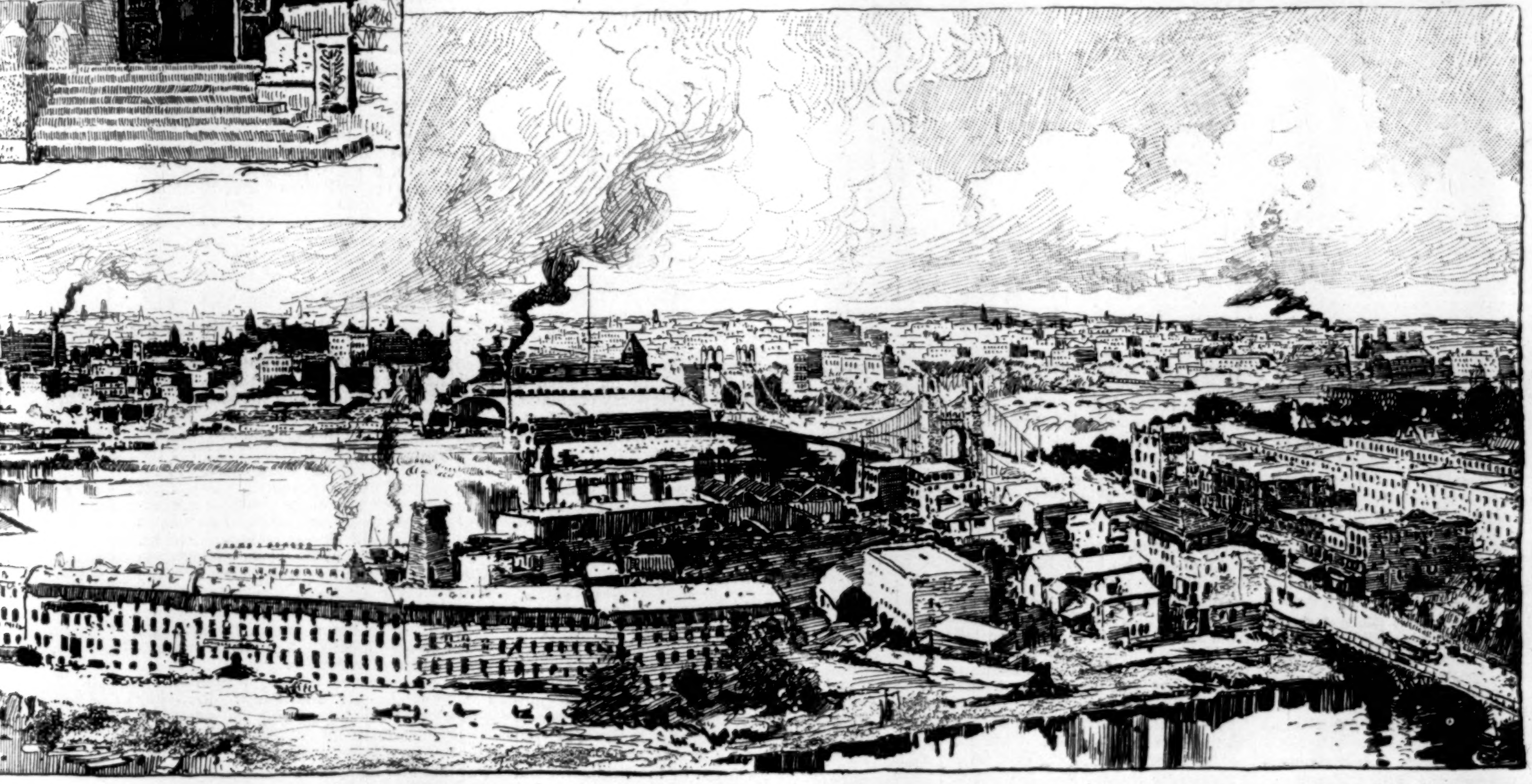
General view of Minneapolis from the Mill district, and Falls of St Anthony.

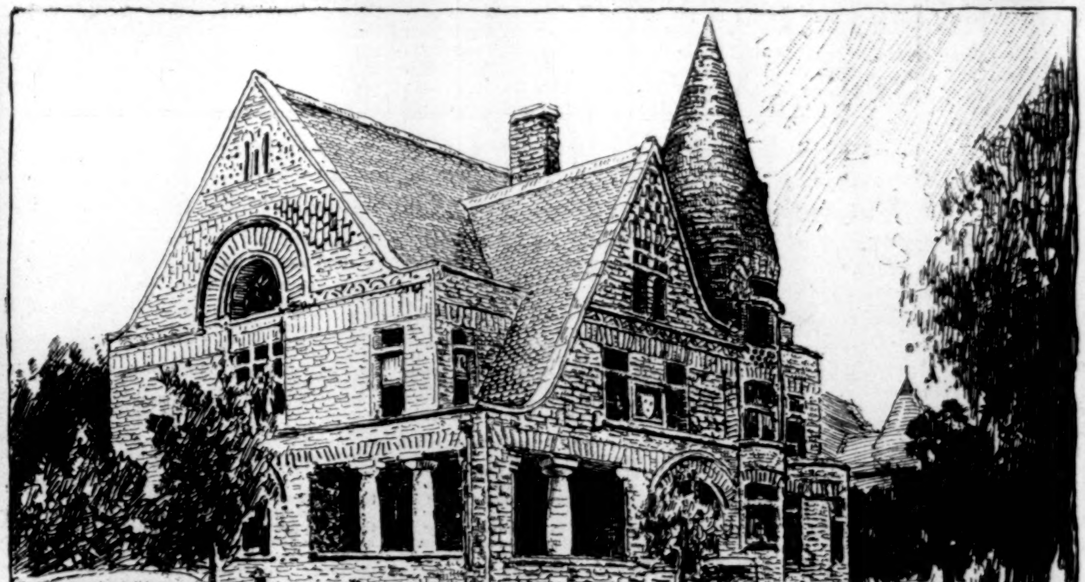
Science Hall Minnesota State University.



Central Park.

Chamber of Commerce.




A Residence facing Central park.

LIS.—DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.